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ONE PENNY.



THE LATE TERRIFIC EXPLOSION AT ERITH. (As seen by a gentleman residing at Abbey Wood.) (See page 258.)

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF POWDER MAGAZINES.

An explosion of gunpowder, which, for severity and for the calamitous results produced, is almost without parallel in the history of similar catastrophes in this country, took place on Saturday morning, at a little before seven o'clock, on the Erith Marshes. From the early hour of the morning at which this melancholy accident occurred comparatively few persons positively witnessed the explosion, though probably millions of human beings were conscious that something unusual had taken place. Those who saw the explosion say that it seemed as if a huge pillar of fire shot up into the air until it reached the clouds, when it spread out in every direction, became extinct, and left a dense circular mass of smoke, which hung like a funeral pall over the scene of desolation. A distinct trembling of the earth, and a violent atmospheric undulation was followed by a dull roaring sound that diminished in volume as the distance from the scene of disaster increased, until it became inaudible at places where the terrestrial and atmospheric effects were felt with wonderful intensity. People who experienced the shock of earthquake that occurred exactly a year ago, and who on Saturday were within the wide-spread effects of the explosion, describe the phenomena as similar in kind, though vastly greater in degree. Houses were partly destroyed, windows smashed, doors blown in, people violently thrown down, pitched out of bed, and in various ways more or less violently injured. Furniture was violently displaced and broken, chimney glasses thrown down, walls and ceilings cracked, and altogether the damage done so widespread and universal that the most extravagant estimate would probably be within the mark. The general impression was that a severe shock of earthquake had occurred. Others, nearer the truth, thought that the Government stores in the arsenal at Woolwich had blown up. People in the neighbourhood of large gas-works looked to them as the source of the mischief. No better proof of the distance at which the effects were produced can be offered than the fact that in the western suburbs of London an impression for a long time prevailed that the powder-mills at Hounslow had again exploded. The scene of the fearful occurrence is a place in the Erith Marshes, on the Kentish banks of the River Thames, called Low Wood, about one mile north of the Belvedere Station of the North Kent Railway, and nearly midway between Plumstead and Erith. Here two large powder magazines were situated—one the property of Messrs Hall and Son, the well-known manufacturers, of Faversham and Dartford; and the other belonging to the Low Moor Company of Tranmere, Lancashire. The buildings, it should be borne in mind, were magazines for the storage of powder, and were not manufactories. These buildings stood on a plot of land about twenty-five acres in extent, separated from the rest of the marsh by wide ditches, so as to isolate them. Both structures were most solidly built, and with every appliance to guard against accidents to their dangerous contents. Messrs Hall's magazine was the one nearest to Erith. The one belonging to the Low Moor Company was distant from it some sixty or seventy yards, in a north-westerly direction, and stood close to the artificial embankment of the river, which alone prevents a large district from being inundated. Still further to the north-west, nearer to Plumstead, at a distance of something less than half a mile, stands a precisely similar magazine belonging to the Government, in which is stored a large quantity of gunpowder. Fortunately this building escaped injury. The only buildings in the immediate neighbourhood of the magazine that exploded were houses in which resided Mr. Silver, Messrs Hall and Son's manager, and Mr. Raynor, their foreman, and his family. There were also two or three cottages for workmen. The nearest buildings to the scene of the catastrophe are, first, the noble erection at Crossness Point for the southern outfall and pumping station of the main drainage works; and secondly, the North Kent Railway Station at Belvedere, with a hotel and villas in its neighbourhood.

The cause of the catastrophe, as generally happens in such cases, will probably never be known; the poor fellows who alone could have given any explanation having been blown to atoms in the first explosion that took place. The facts of the case, so far as they could be ascertained, are as follows: On Friday week, two barges—one named the Good Design, belonging to Mr. Carson, of Blackwall, and the other the Harriet—were laden with barrels of gunpowder at Messrs Hall and Son's mills, at Dartford, and were despatched to deposit their dangerous freight in the magazine at Low Wood. They proceeded up the river on the Friday night and anchored off the landing-stage of the magazine, to commence discharging the first thing on Saturday morning. Each barge consisted of two men and a boy. Whether the surmise is correct that, on commencing their dangerous work, some of those ill-fated men were smoking, and that a spark was so brought into contact with some loose powder, will never be known; but it is certain that, at twenty minutes before seven o'clock, a man named James Gines, a ballast-heaver, who was working on board one of the Trinity House lighters, No. 40, just off the point, saw a bright light on board one of the barges, and had scarcely time to say to his mate, "Why, there is a flash of lightning," before he was blown into the air thirty yards, according to his own estimate of the distance. Deceitful on the deck of the lighter, he rolled into the river, and swam for the shore, shaken and scared, but little injured. Unfortunately, however, before he reached the bank, a descending piece of timber struck him on the hip, injuring him so severely that he could scarcely crawl to a place of safety, where he lay in agony, until fortunately discovered, and removed to the hotel at Erith. According to the most trustworthy accounts, the explosions on board the two barges appeared to be nearly simultaneous, and were followed at a very brief but still perceptible interval by a second and a third explosion, as the contents of Messrs Hall and Son's and the Low Moor Company's magazines blew up in succession. It is stated that the barges were blown to fragments, the water where they were lying being violently agitated, and engulfing the debris. The magazines themselves were blown to pieces, the materials being scattered far and wide over the surface of the marshes, and on the banks and bed of the river. The foundations alone remain to mark where the buildings once stood. The earth itself, for an incredible distance, is torn and seamed into huge rents and misshapen masses that make locomotion difficult. The house in which the foreman Raynor resided was demolished almost as completely as the magazines, only a few feet of the wall on the western side remains standing. The upper part of Mr. Silver's house is blown off, and the flooring of the first floor and parlour hangs downward in a manner which shows that the supports have been wrenched and shattered out of their place. Bricks, tiles, slates, beams of timber, ironwork, and the debris of household furniture covered the ground for two or three hundred yards in every direction. Some large soap and candle works, which were being erected not far from the magazine, were considerably damaged, and some of the workmen were injured. One of the first persons on the scene of the disaster was Sergeant Cox, of the division of police stationed at Erith. He was going up when he heard the explosion. Running out into the garden, he found all the back windows of his house smashed, the frames being broken as well as the glass. Looking in the direction of the report, and seeing the overwhelming smoke, he at once conjectured what had occurred. Summoning some of the constables, and procuring the attendance of Mr. Churton and Mr. Tippet, two medical men of the neighbourhood, he proceeded to the spot, where his party was soon joined by Mr. Mathewson and other surgeons, who came to render aid to the unfortunate who might require assistance. On reaching the spot where Raynor's cottage had stood, he found the unfortunate man lying dead in his

garden. Raynor's face was much cut, and the skull behind the left ear was so badly fractured that the brain protruded. A son of the deceased—a lad named Oliver Elvior—was next discovered, with his head fearfully shattered. He was quite dead. From the ruins of the house were extricated Mrs. Harriette Raynor, the wife, and a female child, Dinah Raynor, aged six years, both severely injured, the latter dangerously. Rebecca Wright, and a daughter, Elizabeth Wright, aged thirteen, were both much injured; the latter so severely that she died a few minutes after reaching Guy's Hospital. A man named Abbott was discovered lying dead on the bank of the river, and was removed with the Raynors, father and son, to the Belvedere Hotel. The sufferers were, after being attended by the medical gentlemen on the ground, removed either to Guy's Hospital, or to where suitable accommodation could be obtained for them. Mr. Silver, the manager, was writing in his office at the time of the explosion, and was nearly buried in the ruins of his house. He managed to extricate himself, however, from his perilous position, having only sustained a few trifling injuries. A nephew and niece who resided with him were less fortunate, both having received considerable injury. Various portions of human bodies were picked up during the day, some at almost incredible distances from the spot where the explosion took place. One policeman found, at a distance of two hundred yards from where the magazines stood, two skulls and a knee. Another skull was reported to have been found at a spot fully a mile off. Two skulls, one of a light, the other of a dark man, a boot with a foot in it, a jaw with the teeth remaining, arms and hands, were amongst the ghastly relics thus collected.

To describe the damage which has been done would fill a volume. That which required the most prompt attention was a huge gap in the embankment of the river, thirty feet deep, and upwards of seventy-five feet in length. There was nothing to indicate whether this embankment had been forced inwards by the explosion of the barges, or outwards by that of the more westerly magazine; but it was quite certain that active measures alone would preserve the low-lying district along the banks of the river from a second disaster more devastating than the first. The tide at the time of the explosion was providentially out, and it was necessary to close the gap before high water at one o'clock, to prevent an inundation that would have caused incalculable damage. Mr. Webster, the contractor at the main drainage works at Crossness, with praiseworthy promptitude, at once despatched a strong force of 350 navvies, who set to work with a will. Information of the danger was telegraphed to the authorities at the Horse Guards, who in reply telegraphed an order to Woolwich that every available man in the garrison should be sent to repair the breach. General Warde, the commandant, at once despatched 1,500 men, marines, horse artillery, and engineers, with 2,000 sandbags. This force reached the spot before ten o'clock, and at once, under the directions of Colonel Hawkins, R.E., Colonel Maistre, Colonel Milman, Colonel Jaze, and Major Lyons, commenced vigorous operations. Part of the troops lashed beams and spars together, and floated them in front of the breach to act as a breakwater, and prevent the swell of passing steamers from washing away the newly formed embankment. Others dug earth and filled sandbags, which the engineers laid in tiers the same as if constructing a sandbag battery, and backed up solidly with clay. Others again, with rammers, solidified this deposit. By the most energetic and praiseworthy exertions on the part of all engaged—civilians and officers, navvies and troops—the temporary embankment was raised, rapidly enough to keep pace with the rising tide. At high water the river was found to be oozing through in several places, and great apprehension was felt for the result. There was no despairing, however, the navvies redoubled their exertions, and fresh detachments of troops took the place of comrades wearied by a strenuous labour; so that the dangerous period was got over without any serious influx, and before the tide had fully ebbed the breach was so strengthened that no fear need now be entertained. There can be no question that a terrible disaster was averted solely by the exertions of the navvies and the troops. The navvies worked in a style that only English navvies can, and the troops grappled with the serious and sudden emergency with an ardour which merits the highest praise equally with their alacrity and discipline. Many of the soldiers had their trim uniforms begrimed with mud and dirt, and much more. Before mid-day crowds of spectators from Plumstead, Woolwich, Deptford, and the metropolis thronged to the scene of the disaster, and would have materially interfered with the process of repairing the breach, but for the presence of some of the d d eyed police. At two p.m. a detachment of the A Division, under Captain Harris, assistant-commissioner, and Inspector Walker, were despatched from London. Their services were much needed, and later in the day had to be supplemented by pickets of the 5th Fusiliers, in order that the crowd of spectators might be kept back. It will be days before the full extent of the damage is known. The injury to house property in the immediate district is said to be contemplate. The railway station at Belvedere is partly destroyed, and from a new building in process of erection there, the mortar of which was not set, the bricks were scattered over the line. The houses at Erith, Belvedere, and Plumstead had the windows smashed, the sashes broken, and even the shutters blown in. At the Belvedere Hotel the lower windows were all smashed, while, strange to say, the upper rows remain almost uninjured. The conservatories and windows at the residence of the late Sir Culling Wilmot Eardley are a complete wreck. In Erithy-place the fronts of two shops were smashed in, shutters and all. Some of the villas on the northern slope of the hill have their walls cracked and their foundations damaged, from which facts the injury to the furniture and interior fittings may be readily imagined. At Woolwich the damage done is enormous; the windows of the barracks on the common, of the garrison church, and of innumerable private houses and public buildings were totally destroyed. It was supposed that the Arsenal stores had exploded. With this idea uppermost in their minds, crowds of the wives and children of the men employed there rushed to the gates, and would not believe the assertions of the officials that such a calamity had not occurred. Some of the men were brought out bleeding, from cuts caused by the glass, which was plentifully demolished there, and this incident tended to spread the alarm. It is said that the locality of the explosion was first determined by some at Woolwich when they noticed leaves from Messrs Hall and Son's account-books falling in the streets. It has been asserted that the cover of one of these books was picked up as far off as Greenwich. The windows of Barking and Rainham churches, on the other side of the river, and nearly dead to windward, were destroyed. At the Crystal Palace and Norwood the shocks were severe, and much damage has been done. Some houses in course of erection were so much shaken that it is said they will have to be taken down and rebuilt. The whole district from Sydenham, by Dalwich, Camberwell, Peckham, Walworth, and the east of the metropolis to Kingland, Hackney, and Stoke Newington, suffered more or less severely from the shock, and sustained considerable damage.

INCIDENTS RELATING TO THE EXPLOSION.

Innumerable incidents connected with this fearful occurrence are related, the majority of which seem reasonable enough for belief. The cattle and horses grazing in the marshes on both sides of the river are said to have stood for a few seconds as if stupefied, and then to have rushed off madly at top speed, regardless of where they went. Many leaped the ditches, and broke their bounds, others got into them, and no doubt, unless assistance was given in time, were smothered in their vain efforts to extricate themselves. A gentleman and his wife, at Plumstead, are said to have been severely bruised by the ornamental top of the boatstand on which they were lying becoming detached and falling on them. A gen-

tleman residing with his family at Dartford was thrown down in his house and seriously alarmed, some of the family rushing out into the garden; while the house was subsequently found to be so much injured that it was deemed prudent to remove the family at once. The stories of people being thrown out of bed are innumerable, and in many cases so well authenticated as to leave no doubt of their literal correctness. A stack of deals in the timber-yard of Mr. Fielder, New Church road, Camberwell, was thrown down by the shock, and falling on a low house close by, broke through the roof. Although several persons were in bed at the time, the only injury done was to a little boy, who was severely bruised about the head and face. A man in the same neighbourhood was in the act of making some coffee for his breakfast, when the shock broke the stone mantel-piece, and a piece of it, falling on the back of his head, inflicted a severe scalp wound. Many horses were frightened in the eastern districts of the metropolis, and bolted madly along the streets, but fortunately no serious accidents have been as yet reported. At Stepney the inmates of the houses rushed out into the streets in a frantic state. In the vicinity of the Imperial Gas Works, ben Jonson's-Belds, the terror occasioned was most painful to witness. Men, women, and children ran from their homes almost in a nude state, and hurried to the gasworks' entrance, fearing that one of the large gasometers had exploded, and that a fearful loss of life had ensued. The glass in the windows in the same district was smashed, and there was great damage done to various new buildings, where the workmen were engaged on scaffolding. One man, named White, was so much injured that he was removed to the accident ward of the London Hospital. At the rural district of Ilford and the several low-lying places on the Essex shores, which are situated nearly opposite the scene of the explosion, the consternation was very great. The effects were experienced for several miles round, and the glass of the hot-houses was shattered to pieces. The prisoners confined in Ilford gaol were much alarmed, and the walls of the prison were shaken to the foundation. At Romford and other parts of Essex many persons were thrown to the ground, as if by the shock of an earthquake.

The report made by Police-constable Wood, No. 107 of the B division, who was on the river-wall at the time, and witnessed the explosion, is important. The officer states that a part of his beat extended along the river-bank from Erith to the powder magazine of Messrs Hall. On Saturday morning, about half-past six o'clock, he left Erith, and walked along the bank about half a mile towards where the accident occurred. To the best of his recollection the time was about a quarter to seven o'clock. He had got to within about half a mile of the magazine when all of a sudden he observed a great body of smoke rise up in the direction of the stores, and the next moment he saw an immense mountain of fire burst up as if from the earth, and rise to an enormous height. The sight was just like what he had seen in pictures of the great eruptions of Mount Vesuvius; and while he was looking up with wonderment at the great height to which the "mountain" of flame rose, he was lifted off his feet and hurled headlong into the marshes. For the moment he was appalled by the great noise, and on recovering his thoughts he ran along the bank to render assistance, feeling convinced that the magazines had blown up. On approaching the spot, he could hear the shrieks of the poor creatures buried in the ruins. The first person he met was Walter Silver, who had apparently just extricated himself from beneath the ruins of his house. He seemed much hurt, and was bleeding from a wound at the back of his head. His house stood in the marshes, about eighty or 100 feet from the lower magazine. It was blown to the ground, a gable-end wall alone remaining. He (the officer) then ran across to the spot where Mr. Raynor and family lived. The house, which stood some 120 feet from the store, was also a mass of ruin. In making his way through the garden he saw the body of a man lying on the ground. He immediately recognised it to be that of Mr. Raynor, who appeared to have been killed on the spot. By this time several men had come up from Mr. Brown's glue-works, a quarter of a mile from the magazine, and also some labourers who were working in a potato-field in the marshes. They all set to work to rescue Mrs. Raynor and her children, two daughters and a little boy, out of the ruins. The sufferers were completely buried in the mass of rubbish and when recovered were found to be shockingly injured. While this was doing, other assistance was rendered to the poor families who occupied the other cottages belonging to Messrs Hall. It was a custom with the constable every morning as he passed along the bank to stop a minute or so at the magazine, and chat with the people. Fortunately he was a little late on Saturday morning, otherwise he would have been there when the catastrophe happened. The people about the magazine were very careful, and he had never noticed any irregularities.

When poor Mrs. Raynor, the wife of the foreman of the magazine, was got out of the ruins, some one asked her where was Raynor. She answered faintly, "Oh, I know he must be killed; he came to my bedside and told me to get up, and I saw him blown through the wall of the house when the explosion took place, and I fell through the floor in the ruins."

The scene of this terrible disaster was visited on Sunday by an immense number of people, who had arrived not only from London and the stations intermediate to Belvedere on the North Kent line, but also from places on the Mid-Kent line and from the neighbourhood extending some distance round Erith. All manifested such excitement respecting the dreadful calamity, and curiosity to see the place where the explosion happened, as is only exhibited by the great mass of the public on some very extraordinary occasion.

Among the remarkable occurrences in the neighbourhood we may mention that a gentleman named Russell, a solicitor practising at Dartford, was shaving in his dressing-room, and at the moment of the shock of the explosion he suddenly found himself on the floor; and his wife was so frightened at the terrible shaking of the house, that she jumped out of bed and ran into the garden in her night-dress. The house was in so dangerous a condition, that Mr. Russell removed his family as soon as possible.

The skull of one of the poor creatures who perished was found more than a mile from the scene of the catastrophe.

The shock consequent upon the explosion was distinctly felt at Cambridge by numbers of reliable parties about a quarter to seven a.m. The effect is described by some as the sound of distant rumbling of thunder; by others as though all the doors and windows rattled in their frames, and the beds shook under them.

On Sunday night, while the crowd at the Erith Station was fighting for good places on the platform a train came up, and of course there was a rush for the doors before the carriages were stopped. A man called Alaga Morandi, a cabinetmaker, of 57, Goswell-street, City-road, fell or was pushed off a step, when, unable to recover himself, his body was carried under a carriage, when one of the wheels passed over his right leg, also injuring his right hand. He was immediately raised from his awful position, and promptly attended to by Doctors Churton and Tippet, who dressed his leg and splinted it. Mr. Bell, the senior inspector of police, immediately got a stretcher, and taking every precaution for the poor fellow's comfort, had him conveyed by train to Guy's Hospital, where he was received by Mr. Sidney Turner, the house surgeon, and placed in the accident ward. Amputation was proposed, but the poor fellow could by no means be induced to consent to the operation, which indeed would have been at best of doubtful result. He had hardly been an hour in the hospital when he died from exhaustion, adding another to the victims in connexion with this memorable catastrophe.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Our reporter considered it advisable to cause special inquiries to be made with regard to the arrival of the two barges at the land-

ing-pier, upon one of which the explosion first occurred, and by the courtesy of Inspectors Bell and Lindley of the R division of police, he is enabled to lay before our readers the following particulars:—They were respectively named the Good Design and the Harriet, and were despatched from the works of Messrs Hall and Son, at Faversham—the one for the purpose of unloading a large quantity of gunpowder to be deposited in the magazines at Erith Marshes, and the other for receiving a quantity of the same material supposed to be for exportation. At this time there were on board the Good Design Mr. William Jemmett, captain, aged 46, and Luke Barber, mate, aged 39; and on the Harriet Mr. John Daddson, captain, aged 50, William Daddson, his son, aged 14 years, and David Wise, aged 39, mate. The whole of these must have been blown to pieces by the explosion. The police, after great search, have discovered three feet and part of the scalp of a man, the latter with a portion of human hair, and the son of William Wright, who, with a man named York, was engaged at the magazines under the deceased superintendent Rayner, has identified one of the feet as belonging to his father, from the peculiar shape of the toes and nails. The poor fellow Grimes was thrown a considerable distance into the air by the force of the explosion, and was much injured; but falling into the river he was discovered by his mates in a sinking state, and was held up by the hair of the head until assistance arrived. This assistance was nobly rendered by a fisherman named Williams, who was near the spot, and notwithstanding that he had been severely injured himself, part of his right cheek being blown away, he rowed up to where poor Grimes was, and he was got into the boat and thereby saved.

The general opinion in the City amongst men best qualified to judge is, that neither was the explosion caused by a lighted pipe nor a fire being on board either of the barges, but that in all likelihood one of the staves of a barrel of gunpowder had become loosened, and that the friction of the weight it contained had caused the escaping portion to explode, and to ignite the remainder, fire the magazines, and thus cause the alarming and fatal consequences with which the public are now unfortunately so familiar.

Information of the deaths of seven persons—the bodies of four of them only being complete—was forwarded to Mr. C. Carrter, one of the coroners for the county of Kent.

Mr. William Payne, coroner for London and the borough of Southwark, received a notification of the deaths of a man named James Eves and a girl named Elizabeth Wright, who both died from their injuries in Guy's Hospital.

PUBLIC MEETING AT ERITH.

On Monday evening a crowded and influential public meeting of the inhabitants of Erith, Belvedere, Plinstead, and its vicinity was held at the Rye Tavern, Erith, to "consider the serious amount of damage done by the explosion on Saturday last, and to adopt such resolutions as might be deemed necessary thereto." The chair was occupied by the Rev. Archdeacon C. J. Smith, vicar of Erith, the Revs. T. Berman and J. Wood, Captain McKillop R.N., Messrs. A. Russell, of Dartford; C. H. Smith, Greenwich; Hall, Beadle, Dalby, Webber, Shaw, Dalton, Everitt, Burs, with other influential residents were also present. The rev. chairman commenced the proceedings by alluding to the vast and almost overwhelming calamity which had suddenly fallen upon that district. There were some points connected with the catastrophe which were not unworthy of comment. Amongst these were the seal and alacrity displayed by the entire population of the district to render every aid under the direful circumstances, and the singular sobriety and praiseworthy demeanour manifested by the thousands of persons, from the most remote places, whose curiosity led them to visit the spot. They had, indeed, reason to be thankful for that ready aid, which doubtless prevented that mighty river from asserting its dominion, and again flowing over those broad acres where it is no doubt at one time found its original bed. The great sacrifice of property was, after all, as nothing when compared to the sacrifice of human life; and he hoped it would go forth to the world that the sympathy of that meeting with their fallen brethren was paramount. He conceived that the meeting had assembled for two objects. First, it desired to make a well-considered and temperate expression of regret, or he might indeed say remonstrance against the re-erection of powder factories so near populous localities; and they wished also to consider the question of loss and compensation, and to come to some decision as to who was responsible. Mr. Churchwarden Parish moved the following resolution:—"That the disaster which recently occurred in this neighbourhood proves clearly the imprudence of gunpowder and explosive material being allowed to be manufactured in the vicinity of populous places, and that communications be made to the Home-office and the licensing magistrates, pointing out the danger attending the establishment of gunpowder manufactories and warehouses in such places, and urging the discontinuance of existing licenses, and the refusal to grant any more new licenses for such places in future." Mr. Everitt seconded the resolution, which was supported by Dr. Hutton and other gentlemen, and unanimously adopted—Captain McKillop urged the necessity of more stringent regulations with regard to the removal of powder in barges from the mills to magazines. These barges ought to be constructed in a peculiarly safe manner, and to have some distinctive sign that they were laden with a dangerous cargo. On the motion of Mr. Everitt, seconded by Mr. Hall, a numerous and influential committee was appointed to carry out the objects of the meeting. On the motion of Mr. Beadle, it was resolved to recommend the committee to represent to the Government the necessity of enforcing more stringent regulations with respect to the conveyance of gunpowder by land and water. The Rev. J. Wood, Mr. Hall, and other gentlemen then addressed the meeting, and a discussion took place respecting the question of compensation to the parties injured, but it was ultimately resolved to adjourn the consideration of the subject until inquiries had been made, and legal opinions obtained. Mr. Russell, of Dartford, proposed that a subscription be commenced to raise a fund for the sufferers; but the chairman and others considered that the subject had better be deferred for the consideration of an adjourned meeting, as it was connected with the question of compensation. It was then stated that the firm of Messrs. Hall had undertaken to provide for the widows and orphans of the men killed; and, after a vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting was adjourned.

THE INQUEST.

The court was held on Tuesday, in the large club-room of the Belvedere Hotel, and as there were no windows the place where they had been was boarded up to keep out the wind.

In a coach-house next to a stable at the back of the yard lay the entire bodies of three persons—Mr. George Rayner, aged forty; a man named Thomas Hubbard, fifty-two; and a boy, John York, aged thirteen. They lay side by side, covered up with mats or whatever else came to hand. All about were little parcels which it was sickening to look upon. They were outwardly stained with blood, and they contained human toes, heels, jaws, a nose, part of the skin of a man, portions of lungs, and pieces of flesh, charred and roasted.

Henry Bodkin Poland, Esq., instructed by Mr. James Tassell, Faversham, solicitor, appeared for Messrs. William Hall and P. B. Hall, the proprietors, and Mr. William Monk, the manager of the factory at Faversham. Inspectors Linvelt and Bell attended to watch the case on behalf of the Commissioner of Police.

The Coroner, who took his seat at ten o'clock precisely, said that the calamity which had occurred was too well known to the jury to render it necessary for him to describe it to them. They would find their duty an anxious and onerous one, but he was sure that so

respectable a jury could not fail to give satisfaction to all parties interested in the proceedings. He would then take the evidence of two or three witnesses; but (said the learned gentleman, referring to the fearful state of the room in which the jury were assembled, and through the apertures of which the wind roared and howled) I do not wish, after the fearful loss of life that has already taken place, to jeopardise your lives or your health by going through the proceedings here. If you think it requisite, we can walk to the site of the powder magazines, and inspect the place, but I believe not much information is to be gained by doing so.

Several of the jurors stated that they had nearly all visited the scene of the explosion, and it would only be a waste of time to proceed there now.

The first witness called was Walter Silver, who appeared with his head bound up in surgical bandages. He said that he was the storekeeper of the Lowood Liverpool Gunpowder Mills (Limited), formerly Day, Barker, and Co.

He lived in the immediate neighbourhood of the store-house, but his house was now entirely annihilated. The offices of the company were at 65, Fenchurch-street. The first body seen by the jury he identified as that of the storekeeper to Mr. Hall, George Rayner. Witness last saw him alive on Friday night. He was forty years of age. The body of the second was that of Thomas Hubbard, a labourer to Mr. Kayley. He was not connected with the magazines. Witness had lent Mr. Kayley's men a shed to put their tools in. Witness saw Hubbard alive on the premises on Saturday morning. The boy seen by the jury was John York, the son of William York, now missing. William York was under storekeeper.

Mr. Sidney Turner, one of the house surgeons of Guy's Hospital, deposed that he had at present under his care several persons injured by the explosion. With one exception—Elizabeth Osborn—they were all doing well. The girl Osborn was in a very dangerous state.

Coroner: What are the ages of them?

Witness: One is a little girl aged six years, E. Osborn; the next is Elizabeth York, aged seven; she goes out to-day. Another girl is aged ten years. Edward Singleton is a man suffering from fractured humerus; he will not be able to come out or be examined for a month. Mary York, the mother of the girl York, is too ill to come out; and Harriet Rayner and her daughter, Dinah Rayner, are both too ill to be moved.

Mr. J. Chadman, surgeon, of Erith, said that he saw the deceased after death. He saw some remains of human bodies. Two of the feet were missing. Witness considered that the three feet therefore did not belong to three separate men. There was a whisker, which witness believed he could identify as that of the man Wright. There was a nose, some scalp, and portions of bone, &c. There were some persons lying injured at Erith. Two of them were boys, one named John Sams, his skull was fractured. He was picking mushrooms outside the building at the time of the explosion. William York, a little boy, aged six, had a piece of wood driven into his skull. He lies in a precarious state, in the house of Captain Phillips. A man named Grimes was also injured in a hopeless manner.

Sergeant Cox, 15 R. said that six persons in all were missing. Four men and a boy were known to have been on board the barges at the time of the explosion, and no tidings whatever could be obtained of them. Their names were William Jemmett, the captain, and Luke Barber, the mate of Mr. Hall's barge, the Good Design; and John Daddson, the captain of Mr. Monk's barge, the Harriet, his son, William Daddson, and the mate of the Harriet, David Wise. The other person was William York. The whisker and the feet of the man Wright were identified. Those in the barges were supposed to have been blown to atoms or to have been blown into the river. No traces of them remained.

The Coroner said that it would not be fair to the jury or to the witnesses to continue the inquiry in such a room; it would be impossible that their health should not suffer from the exposure to the keen wind blowing through it in all directions, and it was evident that due attention could not be given to the case. He should, therefore, adjourn the court until that day week, when the jury would be reassembled in Avenue Hall, Erith.

The court was accordingly adjourned until Tuesday next, at ten o'clock in the morning.

THE LAST SCENE IN A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE

On Saturday, a case was brought before the West Riding magistrates at Doncaster, wherein a Mr. John Watchorne, a miller, residing at Tickhill, was summoned for an assault upon two young ladies—namely, Miss Ann Penistone and Miss Mary Denney. Mr. Shirley appeared for the complainants, and Mr. Wright for the defendant. It appeared that the latter occupied a corn-mill and some land under Mr. Penistone, at Tickhill, but, being considerably in arrears of his rent, that gentleman had recently been obliged to distrain. Here was one grievance; another was that some short time ago Miss Penistone brought an action for breach of promise of marriage against the defendant's brother, Doctor Watchorne, and obtained a verdict for £40. Between Mr. Penistone and the defendant there were several little matters of account still outstanding, and on the 21st ult. Miss Penistone was sent by her father to ask Mr. Watchorne to take his accounts up, and also to return some working tools which Mr. Penistone had lent him. Miss Penistone was accompanied in this errand by her friend, Miss Denney. These young ladies saw Mrs. Watchorne, who told them that the defendant was out. Miss Penistone asked if she could take the tools, to which Mrs. Watchorne replied that they were lying about somewhere, but a seditious mean to trouble herself in looking for them. The doctor's name was then brought up, the good lady of the house making some remark to the effect that Miss Penistone had got her £40, she supposed. Miss Penistone replied that she had not got it, said the doctor was a bad man, and his sister-in-law an untruthful woman. Then came the other vexed question of pecuniary matters, and Mrs. Watchorne at last, finding herself losing ground in this interesting and somewhat heated debate, ordered Miss Penistone to leave the premises, but that young lady contended that they held possession, and that, as possession was at least nine points of law, she positively refused to move until it pleased her. At this moment the defendant, who was supposed to be out, but who, in point of fact, had been listening to the whole conversation, came running down stairs, and without saying a word to either of them rushed at Miss Denney, violently knocked her down, then struck Miss Penistone several times and upset her over a rose-tree, breaking her bracelet and a brooch, and tearing her mantle in the struggle. Then, again turning upon Miss Denney, who all the time had been a silent observer, he again threw her down outside the garden-gate, whilst he seized Miss Penistone, and ejected her in an equally summary and ungentlemanly manner. This was the assault complained of, and Mr. Wright only attempted to show, in mitigation, the amount of provocation which the defendant had received in hearing his own pecuniary affairs and the little circumstances connected with his brother so freely dealt with. The bench fined the defendant 20s. and costs in each of the two assaults.—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

There are venerable jesters in the world besides Lord Palmerston. The King of the Belgians ever loves a joke, and makes a good one at times. He was in the enclosure at Brussels the other day, looking at M. Nadar's preparations for another ascent in his balloon; and just as the cords were loosed he called to the intrepid aeronaut:—Be sure that you throw out all your ballast on Belgian soil, as I have sworn to maintain the integrity of my kingdom.

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

The *Moniteur du Soir* informs us that Alexandre Dumas enjoys immense popularity in America. The least of his autographs sells at an exorbitant price. When the late fair at Pittsburg was being organized in favour of sick and wounded soldiers, it was determined that a letter should be addressed to Dumas asking that author for his autograph, and, if he felt so inclined, a small donation. "We know," said the letter, "that this appeal will not be made in vain to you whose heart and pen have ever been employed in the service of humanity, kindness, and charity." Dumas, on receiving this letter, immediately replied to President Lincoln, sending back not one but a hundred autographs and ten dollars. Each autograph was sold in America for 600fr., or 24s. a piece. He should take to writing nothing else.

ROME.

The clerical press affects to make light of the withdrawal of the French troops, and asks if France is the only great Catholic party in Europe; thus showing a conviction of the impossibility of maintaining the present state of things unaided and alone, and at the same time the hopes that are entertained of foreign intervention. Will this be permitted? On this question there may be a coming struggle.

AMERICA.

General Sheridan transmits to General Grant the following official report of his defeat of Early:—

"Winchester, Va., Sept. 19.
"Lieut.-General U. S. Grant:—I have the honour to report that I attacked the forces of General Early over the Berryville pike at the crossing of Opequan Creek, and after a most stubborn and sanguinary engagement, which lasted from early in the morning until five o'clock in the evening, completely defeated him, driving him through Winchester, capturing about 2,500 prisoners. Two pieces of artillery, nine army flags, and most of their wounded. The rebel Generals Rhodes and Gordon were killed, and three other general officers were wounded. Most of the enemy's wounded and all their killed fell into our hands. Our losses are severe. Among them is General D. A. Russell, commanding a division in the 6th Corps, who was killed by a cannon ball. Generals Upton, McIntosh, and Chapman were wounded. I cannot tell our losses. The conduct of the officers and men was most superb. They charged and carried every position taken up by the rebels from Opequan Creek to Winchester. The rebels were strong in numbers, and very obstinate in their fighting. I desire to mention to the Lieutenant-General commanding the army the gallant conduct of Generals Wright, Crook, Emory, Torbert, and the officers and men under their command. To them the country is indebted for this handsome victory. A more detailed report will be forwarded.
"H. P. SHERIDAN,
"Major-General Commanding."

THE LATE MYSTERIOUS DEATH ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

At Marylebone Workhouse on Monday afternoon, Dr. Lankester resumed the inquiry as to the death of Emma Jane Gollop, a married woman, aged 31, who was killed at the Portland-road Station of the Metropolitan (Underground) Railway on the night of Saturday, September 10, under mysterious circumstances.

The man Powell, in whose company the deceased was proved to have been up to the moment of the starting of the train from the platform, was examined. He deposed to having met the deceased on the evening of the occurrence, and been with her to several public-houses, where they had drunk. Deceased asked him to go as far as the station, and he did so. On arrival there deceased said she would not go unless he (Powell) went too—saying, "Don't be afraid, I have money for the tickets." He (Powell) then took two tickets, but was not sure whether he took them for the Edgware or Bishop's-road Station. He believed he had some "chaff" with the man who sold the tickets, and followed deceased to the platform, and she got up towards the end of the train, which then began to move slowly; and on his (Powell's) looking in that direction, he saw deceased apparently falling on her hands and knees.

Coroner: Seeing this, what did you do?

Powell: Knowing she was incensed, I ran away and left her, fearing she would get me as well as herself into trouble and looked up.

By the Coroner: I mean by leaving I got out of the station as soon as I could. I will swear I did not get into a railway carriage. I ran partly up one staircase, and finding a barrier, I then went up the other, where there was an official taking tickets, and as I could not find one I paid him twopence and passed, and went home. I believe I gave deceased the tickets. Did not know anything had happened to deceased, except falling on the platform, and never heard of it till the Wednesday afternoon following.

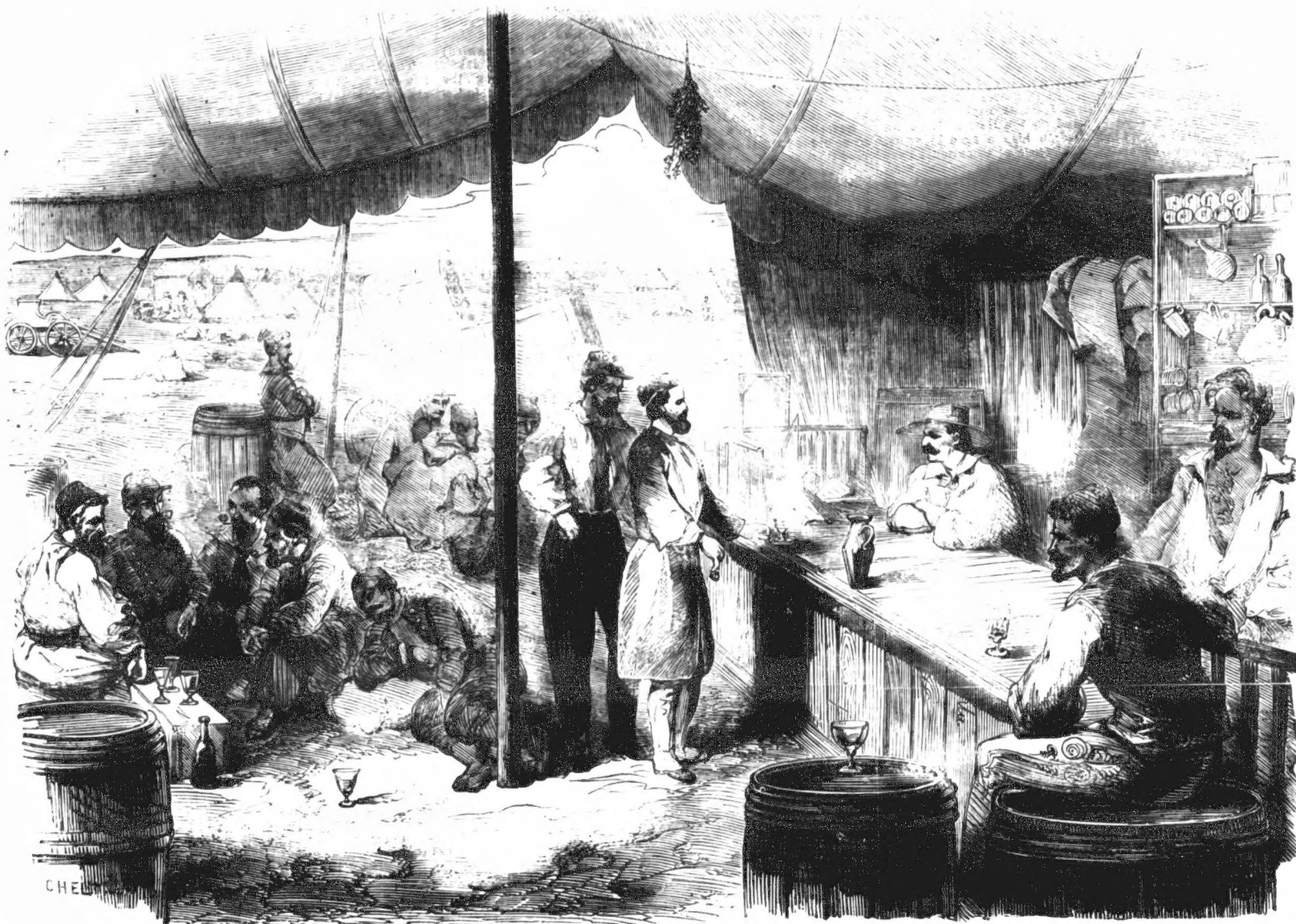
Powell was again proved as to his having got into the carriage and proceeded to the Edgware-road Station, but positively swore he did not.

After several other witnesses had been examined, the jury ultimately returned a verdict, "That the deceased Emma Jane Gollop was killed whilst attempting to get into a train on the Metropolitan Railway on the evening of the 10th September, and that her death was accidental." They, however, appended the following resolution to their verdict:—"The jury enquired on the 14th day of September, and adjourned to the 3rd day of October, 1864, at the St. Marylebone workhouse, on the body of Emma Jane Gollop, who came by her death on the Metropolitan Railway on the 10th September last, having returned a verdict of 'Accidental death,' are of opinion that, on the arrival of the train at the Portland-road Station, where the accident happened, there was not a proper complement of officials to secure the safety of the passengers, and recommended to the attention of the Metropolitan Railway Company greater caution on this point in future."

The inquiry then terminated.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A WIFE AT NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.

A sergeant of the 3rd King's Own Staffordshire Militia, named Richard Fielder, made a desperate attempt to murder his wife, Bridget Fielder, about twenty minutes past four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. It appears that the would-be murderer was, up to the time of the occurrence, a staff-sergeant of the militia, and resided with his wife at the barracks. Since the races the man and his intended victim have been indulging a little too freely in drink, and at the time of committing the deed was in a state of stupefaction from the effects of drinking. A few minutes previous to the occurrence the wife, for some purpose or other, took some money from her pocket. She then went to a neighbour's house. The husband must have seen her take the money, for when she had quitted his presence he got his rifle and loaded it with ball. He then went to the house where his wife was, and, deliberately taking aim at her heart, pulled the trigger. The wife was sitting on a sofa when her husband entered the apartment, and it is supposed suddenly threw herself back when he presented the rifle. As this as it may, the ball, instead of taking effect where it was destined, struck the wife's left elbow, plunging a deep furrow down her arm, and finally entered the wall beyond to the depth of six inches. The man was immediately secured until the arrival of Superintendent Williams and Police-constable Pegg, into whose custody he was then handed. The wife, the wound not being considered very dangerous, is expected to recover.



THE AMERICAN WAR—INTERIOR OF A SOUTHERN CANTEN.

CAPTURE OF NANKIN.

THE despatch, dated July 29, 1864, of which the following is an extract, has been received by Earl Russell, her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, from Mr. Adkins, acting British consul at Chin-kiang:—

"I have the honour to inform you that the city of Nankin, so long the centre of disaffection in China, and the point from which so many bands of ruthless plunderers have started on their raids upon the peaceful and wealthy cities of central China, has been captured by the Imperialist army, under the command of Tsen-kwo-chuen, the governor of Chekiang, and brother of the viceroys of the provinces of Kiang-Nan and Kiang-Su.

"The city was stormed on the 19th of this month through a breach caused by a mine sprung under the wall near the east gate. Rumours of its capture reached me on the day following the assault, but I paid no attention to them, having been often deceived by reports of Chinese victories. On the 24th of this month, however, I obtained a copy of the memorial to the throne, formally announcing the capture.

"On the following day I started for Nankin in her Majesty's ship *Slaney*, intending to congratulate the Chinese commander-in-chief on the auspicious termination of his two years' siege. I found his excellency at his camp outside the south gate of the city.

"When the Imperialists made good their entrance into the city, they found that the palace of the Tien Wang, the leader of the rebellion, and the claimant for many years past of Divine honours and attributes, had been burnt to the ground. It is said that the impostor and his immediate attendants lie buried in its ruins. I am inclined to credit



CHINESE MILITARY OFFICERS. (From a Sketch by a Native Artist.)

the rumour, for the city has been closely blockaded since January last, and I think that nothing but a desperate sortie would have enabled him to get clear.

"But the most important fact of all is the capture of Chung Wang. This person has for many years been the most restless and determined of all the desperadoes Tae-ping-dom has sent forth. He it was who threatened Shanghai in 1860; he was Admiral Hope's antagonist in his operations near Shanghai; he fought against Colonel Gordon at Soochow. He tried to introduce the foreign element into his levies, and was said by rebel sympathisers to be the main hope of the Tae-ping cause in its declining days. After the assault he managed to leave the city with a few followers, but he was captured three days subsequently by a party of cavalry. I was much pressed to visit the Chung Wang in his confinement, but declined, as I had no personal acquaintance with him.

"On the day following my interview with the commander-in-chief, I rode into the city and visited the breach. Words cannot describe the utter desolation of everything within the walls. The main thoroughfares traversed by me were the streets between the south-west and east gates, and those between the south-west and south gates. On either hand the houses left standing had the appearance of having been tenanted for years, while the gaudy gateways, denoting the residences of the wangs or princes, opened in most instances on to courts full of brickbats and charred timbers. As for the side streets, they were many of them overgrown with jungle four feet high.

"During my ride through the city I saw a great number of unburied bodies, and in many places the smell was so offensive that both myself and Lieutenant Lee, who accom-



CHINESE SOLDIERS OF THE IMPERIAL EMPRE.

panied me, were almost overpowered. But, on the whole, I came to the conclusion that the rebel force in the city at the time of its capture could not have been very large. The Imperialists, according to their own account, spared very few able-bodied males, so that the dead lying in the streets would be a fair criterion of the strength of the garrison. I estimated it at 10,000 men, against 50,000 under the Imperialist commanders.

"I think a ride through the streets of Nankin as they are at present would satisfy the most ardent advocate of the rebel cause of the dreadful hollowiness of the system they support. Some eleven years ago the Tse-pings took Nankin, then one of the finest cities in China. Ever since its capture it has been their headquarters. In it the chiefs of the movement built their tawdry houses, and from it they despatched their plundering bands in all directions. Meanwhile the works of civil government and social organization are entirely neglected, and when the city is retaken it is found to be a wilderness of empty houses."

We give on page 264 a full-page illustration of the capture of Nankin, in addition to the present engraving.

RAPID GROWTH OF BRIGHTON.—The total number of voters on the borough list just revised by Mr. Hance is 6,473. Last year it was only 5,434. There has thus been an increase of 1,039 in twelve months.



CHINESE MILITARY MANDARINS.

A SHERIFF'S OFFICER SHOT BY A BARRISTER.

On Thursday evening week, between six and seven o'clock, a shocking occurrence took place at Rathmines, Dublin. Two bailiffs entered the house of Mr. Wm. Odell, a member of the bar, and recently secretary of the School of Arts, Royal Dublin Society, and proceeded to levy an execution. Having accomplished their purpose, they were in the act of leaving, and were saying "Good-bye" to the servant, when Mr. Odell rushed out in an excited manner with a six-barrelled revolver in his hand, and deliberately fired at the bailiffs. Whether more than one shot was fired we are not aware, but a bullet took fatal effect in the right temple of one of the bailiffs, named Fox. The unfortunate man was at once conveyed to Meath Hospital, but death supervened before surgical assistance could be procured. Mr. Odell, immediately after the fatal occurrence, walked down to the Rathmines Police-station and gave himself up. On examination it was found that three of the chambers of the revolver had been discharged, and that the remaining three were loaded.

The ball from the revolver struck the right temple. It entered the anterior lobe of the the brain, and must have proved almost immediately fatal. The shot was fired so close to deceased that his right whisker was singed. After firing the shot, Mr. Odell cried out, "Now go for the police, and charge me with murder."



CHINESE SOLDIERS EXERCISING.



CHINESE ARCHER

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c. &c.

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THE JEALOUS WIFE. MIDAS.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. P.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
8	8	Battle of Torres Vedras	6 14	6 42	
9	9	20th Sunday after Trinity	7 11	7 47	
10	10	Oxford Term begins	8 28	9 13	
11	11	Old Michaelmas Day	9 56	10 38	
12	12	Robert Stephenson died, 1859	11 13	11 45	
13	13	Napoleon Landed at St. Helena	—	0 14	
14	14	San Rices, 6h. 25m.; sets, 5h. 6m.	0 40	1 3	
Moon Changes.—First Quarter 8th, 3h. 37m. p.m.					
Sunday Lessons.					
MORNING.					
Joel 2; St. Mark 12.					
AFTERNOON.					
Micah 6; 2 Cor. 8.					

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

. All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from news-vendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription by money order, payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the Journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 4d. for the STRAIDIAN EDITOR. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent mis-carriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s. 3d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

S. S.—We do not remember that your question ever came under our notice. When a correspondent wishes to call our attention to an unanswered question, he must repeat it. We have repeatedly stated that it is impossible for us to bear in mind all the letters that are sent to us.

A. S. G.—It would be an unpardonable waste of time for you to hunt up and read all the best speeches made in parliament, with a view to self-improvement. Attend to your regular course of study, first of all, and for leisure reading take cyclopaedias or history.

Z. M.—Hist. rians and other authorities are not agreed as to "who was the greatest warrior that ever lived." Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, and Napoleon are the four who stand out most prominently.

G. P.—The present Emperor of the French may be called Bonaparte as often as any one chooses to apply that designation to him. His name is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; but as it is customary to call monarchs only by their Christian name, he is usually referred to as Louis Napoleon, just as his uncle was called Napoleon, instead of Bonaparte, after he became emperor.

R. W.—Advertisements have appeared in the newspapers inquiring for the "next of kin" in respect to the property you name. We are totally unacquainted with any further particulars on the subject. We do not undertake to meddle in such matters, but we possess a list of persons who have been thus advertised for, and that is how we are enabled to answer your question. Your best plan will be to employ some respectable London lawyer to make the necessary researches for you. If you like, we will recommend you one, on your sending us your address.

EMILY P. (Cheltenham).—Write to Mr. P. Corri, musical and theatrical agent, Bow-street, or apply personally, and if you possess the talents described, he would doubtless get you an appearance in London.

B. N.—The trial of Rush for the murder of Mr. Jermy occupied six days commencing on Thursday, the 29th of March, 1843, and terminating on the following Wednesday.

ASPIRANT.—The Royal Academy of Arts was founded under the auspices of George III. in 1768. Sir Joshua Reynolds was the first president. THOMPSON.—Mr. Phelps commenced his leasehold at Sadler's Wells, in connection Mr. Greenwood, on May 27th, 1844.

A. VICTIM.—No. The Usury Laws are now repealed. Parties can charge what interest they please.

AERONAUT.—Messrs. Green, Monck, and Holland ascended from Vauxhall Gardens in the great balloon on the 7th of November, 1836, and descended on the following morning at Wellburgh, near Coblenz, having achieved a distance of 480 miles in eighteen hours. The balloon was afterwards called the Great Nassau.

NORMA.—The first appearance of Grial in England took place in April, 1834, when she performed the part of Ninetta, in "La Gazza Lutra," in conjunction with Rubini. Madame Grial is a native of Milan, where she was born in July, 1811.

R. T. W.—In the excise branch of the Inland Revenue a young man is admitted at a salary of 18s. per week, and may hope to advance by slow degrees to 114s. per annum.

P. O. (Dublin).—The decision of the Irish court, by which Daniel O'Connell was sentenced to pay a fine of 2,000l., and be imprisoned for one year, was reversed by the House of Lords.

DRAMA.—The "British Drama" will be issued in volumes, particulars of which will be shortly announced. We have not yet matured our plans relative to other works.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

THE explosion of Saturday must rank among the most formidable of these appalling catastrophes. Is it hard, indeed, to get at the exact amount of powder which was exploded. But there were, it appears, three distinct explosions—of two barges, a large magazine, and a smaller one. The owners state that there were 750 barrels in the large magazine, and 200 in the barges. Each barrel contained, we are told, about 100lb. of powder; so that there would be 95,000lb. of powder in the large magazine and the barges alone. The amount in the smaller magazine is not ascertained, but we may reasonably suppose that it was something between the amount in the barges and that in the large magazine; so that the whole amount may be supposed to have been something between 120,000lb. and 150,000lb., and was certainly over 100,000lb. The bare statement of this amount, however, will fail to convey a sufficiently definite idea to most persons, and we may get a distinct notion by a comparison with other known explosions. The greatest explosion of our times was the dreadful catastrophe at Gateshead ten years ago, which reduced Newcastle and Gateshead almost to the condition of a bombarded town. But this was an explosion of gases formed by the combustion of sulphur and nitrate of soda, and others, therefore, no element of comparison with the present case. The explosion, last January, of the Lottie Sleigh, a bark which was loading gunpowder in the Mersey, will not have been forgotten by our readers—certainly not by any one who was in Liverpool at the time. The amount in that case was about eleven tons, or 25,000lb., and was therefore only a quarter, and probably only a fifth or sixth part, of what exploded on Saturday. Yet it shook the whole town, and shattered the windows throughout the city. No life was lost, for the explosion was foreseen, and every one had withdrawn from the vessel. Some recent military operations will furnish a still better standard of comparison. General Grant lately constructed a mine under the fortifications of Petersburg, from which great results were anticipated, and when it exploded it carried a fort into the air, and buried 250 Confederates under the ruins. It was said, indeed, to have had such a startling effect that it actually made both armies pause in the attack and defence which were to follow the explosion. The amount exploded there, however, was but six tons, or not 14,000lb. Again, the last mail from China brought us the account of a similar operation at Nankin. The Imperialist troops exploded a mine containing above 60,000lb. of powder, which made a breach in the wall of 120 feet in width. The present explosion, therefore, was vastly greater than any which is attempted by the most determined and reckless generals in order to destroy the strongest fortifications. Its effect, too, would be vastly more appalling from its whole power taking place above ground, instead of, as in military operations, below. The consequences are happily far less serious than might have been anticipated from such a tremendous catastrophe. By the wise and proper precautions of the owners a considerable space of land surrounded the magazine, and only two families lived near them, whose presence was absolutely necessary.

THE transfer of the Italian capital from Turin to Florence is declared on all hands to be the very basis of the Franco-Italian Convention. The question, therefore, naturally arises, what interest Louis Napoleon can possibly have in insisting on this change of the seat of Government. If we look to the population of the various towns of Italy, we find Florence to be comparatively one of the least populous among the chief cities of that country. Naples has 417,500 inhabitants, Rome 194,800, Palermo 187,200, Milan 186,100, Turin 179,600, Genoa 119,800, Venice 112,100, Florence 112,200, Messina 100,400. The remainder are under a hundred thousand inhabitants. Consequently it cannot have been owing to any regard for the character of Florence as the most populous city after Rome that it has now been chosen as the Italian capital. Again, if we look to the military situation, surely Turin is no more open to attack than Florence. Turin is even less within reach of an Austrian army than the other city. In 1859, when Hapsburg power was stronger than it is now, and when the Austrian empire, in consequence of having possession of Lombardy, was nearer to the Piedmontese frontier, the Austrian could not get possession of Turin. So long as Rome, therefore, is not the capital, even from a military point of view, the continuance of Turin as the metropolis might have seemed preferable. Still Louis Napoleon insists on Florence being made the seat of the Italian Government. There is a mystery in this which can only be solved if we assume that the choice of Florence, as a more central Italian town, is destined, in the mind of the French ruler, to be a final, not a provisional, one. Rome he would not give to the Italian kingdom. Naples, the most populous town, is too far from the centre, and, moreover, exposed to an attack from the sea. From similar reasons Palermo and Genoa cannot be chosen. Milan is under the very gaze of Austria. Turin, on its part, as well as a great portion of Piedmont, is considered by many Italians as not being altogether and perfectly Italian in character. So Florence alone remained among the great cities, and hence she was selected. At the rate the world goes at present, it is very little use speculating about what may happen at the end of the next two

years. The only thing real we see at present is the continuance of the French at Rome until that time has elapsed, and the declaration that Papacy is not only to continue as well, but that it is even to be allowed to strengthen itself. Perhaps, if Louis Napoleon ever intends withdrawing his legions from Rome, he does not mean thereby to give up his hold of the Roman territory altogether. Civita Vecchia is a place to which the French are known to cling as to a convenient stepping-stone. At Civita Vecchia they first appeared at the time of the Roman republic, assuring the Romans that they meant no harm, but rather wished to keep out foreign foes if the necessity should arise. It is true this promise was not exactly falsified. Louis Napoleon has an angry knack of driving in the thin end of a wedge, and then hammering it in with tremendous force. Thus he did in 1849, and the result has been an occupation of Rome, which has continued for the last fifteen years; and, according to his own statement, is to last two years more. Are we justified, then, in assuming that suddenly he will give up his old pretences after these two years have elapsed? May he not consider that the withdrawal from Rome does not imply the withdrawal from Civita Vecchia? And, if so, is there any guarantee against the return of the French in full force? A Papal army at Rome, and a French guard of honour at Civita Vecchia, combined with the promise the King of Italy has given, not only to refrain from all attack upon Rome himself, but even to prevent any attack made by others. This, we suspect, will turn out to be the upshot of the Convention; a sorry prospect indeed for the peaceful solution of the Roman question.

The Court.

It is her Majesty's intention, says the *Court Journal*, to return to Windsor on the 26th instant, and to remain there until about the 19th or 20th of December. The Court will then leave for Osborne to spend the Christmas.

The *Brechin* correspondent of the *Edinburgh Courant* says:—"The Queen visited Clons last Monday afternoon. Her Majesty came over the top of Capel Mount and descended into the glen. She was accompanied by a gentleman on horseback, and six gillies dressed in shepherd tartan and kilts. The party returned by the head of Loch Muck. The distance from Balmoral is about thirty miles."

The *Aberdeen Herald* says:—"On Thursday forenoon her Majesty honoured Mr. Brodie, sculptor, Aberdeen, with a sitting of about three-quarters of an hour, for the proposed statue of her Majesty in Aberdeen. The Queen again sat to Mr. Brodie in the afternoon, and appeared to take great interest in the work. The Princess Helena likewise showed great interest in it; and her Majesty was graciously pleased to express her approbation of the model, as far as Mr. Brodie had got with it."

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE OSARWITCH.—100 to 15 agst Mr. W. Robinson's Gratitude (1); 8 to 1 agst Lord Coventry's Thalesia (1 to 1); 9 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Mail Train (1); 10 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Calista colt (1 and off); 20 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Bactrix (1); 25 to 1 agst Mr. H. Saville's Alabama (1); 28 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Tatoo (1); 40 to 1 agst Mr. G. Fitzwilliam's Myrtle (1); 40 to 1 agst Mr. South's Lady Frances filly (1); 40 to 1 agst Sir H. Des Voeux's Roly Poly (1); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Percy's Speculation (1).

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—20 to 1 agst Mr. W. Robinson's Gratitude (1); 20 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Tatoo (1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. W. Day's Muzzin (1); 25 to 1 agst Count Batthyany's Prince Plausible (1); 45 to 1 agst Duc de Morny's Bayard (1); 50 to 1 agst Mr. Wodson's Deerfoot (1).

THE DREBY.—7 to 1 on the field (off); 18 to 1 agst Mr. W. Anson's Bredalbans (1).

AQUATIC.

NOVEL AND EXCITING BOAT RACE.—The lovers of aquatic turned out very early on Monday morning to witness a race which created no ordinary amount of interest, although for a comparatively small stake. Whatever amount of honourable competition there may have been among the heads of the three great companies on the River Thames, still that emulation has never till Monday extended itself to their servants, and a £5 sweepstakes had brought three fine crews into training, the men being four of the Citizen Steam-boat crews, four of the Iron Boat Company's crews, and the London and Westminster (Express) Company's crews. Six o'clock was the time fixed for the start, but at five Chelsea was as lively as at noonday, and as the time wore on the bridges and banks began to fill, and it was evident that, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, there would be nearly as many spectators as at a three o'clock match. The Volunteer, Captain Ayres, left Lambeth at a little after six, and proceeded to Chelsea, taking up on her way a good number of passengers, and on arriving at Chelsea the crews were found ready to get into their boats. No time was wasted, and the Express Boat's men were the favourites. They were freely backed against the Iron boat, but £25 to £10 was taken about the winner, and "I'll take two to one I name the winner," was the only bet which was carried on to any amount. Citizen Steam-boat Company.—H. Mollison, J. Heather, J. Lewis, W. Cuff (stroke), J. Wanslow (coxswain). Iron Boat Company.—J. Gregory, H. Rippen, J. Jones, C. Kelly (stroke), Captain Feather (coxswain). London and Westminster Company.—R. Robertson, G. Shad, J. Luddy, G. Brookes (stroke), J. Bates (coxswain). Mr. Cusance was obliged to start them, and they got off together, the Citizens in a few strokes taking a slight lead, the London and Westminster and Iron Boat strictly level. The wind had begun to freshen and the labour was severe, but as they arrived at Cadogan Pier all the boats were as near as possible oar to oar. A little further on, at the Old Swan, the Citizens had got half their length away; here the others were level, but No. 3 in the Iron Boat catching a crab, the Express went slightly to the front. This position was only a momentary one, and at Battersea Park Pier Citizens were well clear, the others as before level. A fine race ensued to near Chelsea Suspension Bridge, and the Citizens passed under the bridge two lengths clear, the London and Westminster suddenly slackened their speed, and the Iron Boat led them by half their length. Although the Penny Boat rowed well and pluckily, yet the Iron men gradually left them, and the gap between them and the leaders was increased every minute. At Vauxhall the race was all over but shouting, and at Westminster the Citizens came in four lengths ahead, the same distance separating the others. The whole distance, over three miles, was performed by the winners in eighteen minutes—good time, considering the difficulties, which were not few.

NO HOME COMPLETE without a WILLOX AND GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Wanted to fulfil all the requirement of a perfect family Machine. Free post free on application at 186, Regent-street.—(Advertisement.)

Notes of the Week.

MR. RICHARD BAGSTER, a young gentleman, aged twenty-three years, who had come from London on Saturday evening to visit his family, residing in Eversfield-place, Hastings, was drowned on Sunday morning, while bathing in front of his father's lodgings and within sight of many persons powerless to rescue him. The weather was exceedingly fine, but a strong easterly breeze prevailed, and produced a heavy sea, very dangerous for imperfect swimmers. Mr. Bagster, accompanied by a young friend named Stoddart, hired a bathing machine about half-past ten o'clock, and both gentlemen considering themselves expert swimmers, unfortunately disregarded the warning of the bath attendants, William Noakes and William White, not to venture out beyond the length of a rope attached to the machine, about twenty-seven feet. As soon as they undressed both of them struck out and swam, with apparent ease, about 100 yards from the beach. Mr. Stoddart went furthest, but he turned and made for the shore before Mr. Bagster, who in less than five minutes was observed to be holding up his right arm and in apparent difficulty. The father of Mr. Bagster and his elder brother, who were upon the beach, observed the critical position of their relative, but before they had time to raise an alarm the danger was seen by the bathmen Noakes and White, who immediately ran along the beach, and launched the first boat they could lay hold of—a small wherry—which half filled with water as she put off. Meantime Mr. Stoddart, who had reached the shore and learnt from the distracted father and brother the imminent danger of his friend, again dashed into the sea, and fought as bravely as his diminished strength would allow in his endeavour to reach Mr. Bagster, who was becoming gradually weaker and still holding up his hands for aid. The wherry manned by Noakes pulled gallantly through the breakers, and had reached within fifteen yards of the unfortunate gentleman, when he sank for the last time, and all efforts to recover his body were fruitless. Mr. Stoddart was greatly exhausted when he came ashore, and it is impossible to conceive a more agonizing scene than the pain and distress of the deceased's family when all hope of the recovery of the deceased was lost.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Rupert Clarke, coroner for Berks, held an inquest at the Railway Hotel, Twyford, on the body of a man named Parsons, who was employed on the Great Western Railway as a platelayer, and met his death under these circumstances. He was at work on the line between Twyford and Reading, and during the temporary absence of a fellow-labourer he perceived a down train advancing, and he accordingly stepped on the up-line, when the 3.45 up-train from Birmingham rapidly approached, and, striking the unfortunate man on the back part of the head, the engine hurled his body a distance of about fifty yards. One of his legs also was dreadfully crushed. When the second workman returned he missed Parsons, but soon found his mangled body, from which life had entirely departed, and it was evident from the frightful way in which his head had been smashed that death must have been instantaneous. The accident was not observed by the driver of the train. Deceased was a married man, and lived at Twyford. Verdict, "Accidental death."

A LIVERPOOL coroner's jury have returned a verdict of wilful murder against a man named Green, who caused the death of his wife's sister, under the following circumstances. On the 25th September a quarrel arose between the parties, and Green knocked the deceased (Elizabeth Low) down, and after beating her severely about the face and body, jumped upon her chest, and rendered her insensible. The poor creature lingered until Sunday, when she died. Upon a post-mortem examination it was found that the frontal bone had been fractured, and then driven into the orbits of the eye; that the bones of the nose had been broken, the cartilage severed, and part of the skull driven in upon the brain. There were also other injuries. The immediate cause of death was inflammation of the brain caused by the violence.

On Saturday afternoon last, an accident, which terminated fatally, occurred at the Toton sidings on the Erewash Valley Railway (between Derby and Nottingham, on the Midland line) to a young man named Samuel Meads, who was employed as horse-driver in drawing waggons on and off the sidings. Deceased was standing on the line, on the look-out for an approaching train, when he was knocked down by a waggon from behind and run over, some injuries being inflicted on various parts of his body. He was removed as quickly as possible to the General Hospital at Nottingham, where he died a short time afterwards. Meads, it is supposed, was not aware of the waggon which was being shunted off one line to another, and which, being drawn a short distance by a horse, was allowed to run by itself. Deceased was about eighteen years of age.

THE LORD MAYOR-ELECT.—Mr. Warren Stormes Hale, who has been chosen to fill the office of Lord Mayor for the ensuing year, has long resided in the City of London, and been engaged in trade. As a member of the Court of Common Council for many years, and as an alderman during the last eight, he has taken a conspicuous and creditable part in the business of the Corporation, and a keen interest in public affairs. He served the office of Sheriff of London in 1851, and was elected in 1856 a member of the Court of Aldermen for the Ward of Coleman-street. At one time or other he has been chairman of the principal committees of the Common Council, and has at length been raised to the dignity of chief magistrate in the regular order of rotation. He is well advanced in years, but still active, and has led a laborious, plodding life, of which this is an appropriate consummation. He is a shrewd, homely, plain-spoken man, of most kind disposition, and held in much respect by all who know him. The liverymen convened in Guildhall elected him with scarcely a dissentient voice, and, although it is the invariable custom on such occasions to submit to a show of hands the names of all the aldermen who are eligible for election to the mayoralty, there was not one among his brethren of the Court of aldermen but would have been sorry to have been chosen in his stead. Mr. Alderman Hale may be said to have created in a manner the City of London School, which for general efficiency now takes rank with the older public schools of the country, if, indeed, it does not surpass them in some respects. The school had its origin in a bequest made by John Carpenter, town clerk of London and a representative of the City in parliament, who, dying upwards of 420 years ago, left some close of land, of the then value of about eighteen marks a year, for the education and maintenance of four poor boys. About the beginning of the present century the land was let on building leases by the Corporation of London, who are the trustees of Carpenter's bequest, and so became vastly enhanced in value. Some twenty-five years ago, on the proposal of Alderman (then Mr.) Hale, it was resolved to found a school and endow it with the rent of the Carpenter estate. The Corporation gave the site of Honey-lane-market, at the back of Cheap-side, for the purpose, and erected the present building at a cost of about £20,000. They bound themselves, moreover, to maintain there for ever "a school for the religious and virtuous education of boys, and for instructing them in the higher branches of literature and all other useful learning." So that, instead of educating and maintaining "four poor boys," there is now a seminary in the centre of the City of London for 600, with about thirty scholarships in its gift tenable either at the University, or at the school itself; and with this grand result the name of Mr. Alderman Hale will ever be inseparably and honourably identified. From the commencement of the school he has always been the chairman of the executive committee, and is so still. He has also taken great interest all along in the Freeman's Orphan School, and a conspicuous part in promoting the London City Mission.

General News.

THE Countess de Bismarck is said to be so dangerously ill in Pomerania, that the King of Prussia has authorized his prime minister to prolong his absence from Berlin as long as he may think it necessary.

MR. THOMAS BROADWOOD, owner of the yacht *Galatea*, and Mr. George Fielder, owner of the yacht *Julia*, have forwarded to the National Lifeboat Institution a donation of £25, being the result of a half-furlet in a match for £50 between the two yachts.

THE *Gazette de Cambrai* relates a singular instance of self-destruction which has just occurred in the commune of Hamilly. A workman, aged sixty, whose intellects had become somewhat affected in consequence of his son having been condemned to six months' imprisonment for some offence, took to his bed with the determination of starving himself to death. Although his wife every day placed food before him, and entreated him in the most earnest manner to partake of it, she could not overcome his resolution, and he at length died from actual exhaustion.

EARLY on Saturday morning one of the number of convicts, while being conveyed by the auxiliary up-mail from Scotland to London, jumped from the train, while at full speed, near Crewe, and was killed. His legs were ironed at the time he made the fatal leap.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has accepted invitations for next week to Liverpool, Bolton, Farnworth, and Manchester. He is expected to arrive at Bolton on Tuesday afternoon, the 11th inst., and, then after receiving an address from the mayor and corporation in the Temperance Hall, he will go forward to the residence of Mr. Barnes, at Farnworth, where he is to meet a select party at dinner. On the 12th inst. Mr. Gladstone will take part in the inauguration of the new people's park at Farnworth, presented to the people of Bolton by Mr. Barnes, one of the members for that borough. On Friday, the 14th, the right hon. gentleman is expected at Manchester, to present in the afternoon the prizes to the successful candidates in the Oxford local examinations. It is expected that Mr. Gladstone will visit Liverpool either on Monday, the 10th, or on Thursday, the 13th.

In most of the towns and villages of Cornwall the people have celebrated the close of a good harvest by a public expression of thankfulness. Workmen, deserving poor, and school children have been liberally treated, and special services have been held in the churches, at which offertories have been made for charitable purposes.

THE Porchester, transport vessel, is under orders to call at the convict prisons of Chatham, Portland, and Portsmouth, to embark 300 convicts for Auckland, New Zealand. Wm. Roupell, ex-M.P., was to have gone out in the *Porchester*, but it is stated his stay in England is necessary in connexion with the property affected by the recent forgeries. He is at present employed in the extension works at Chatham, and may be seen daily as a common labourer, dressed in a grey, coarse convict suit, using a spade or pick-axe, getting stone, or yoked with other convicts to a cart, in connexion with the works now progressing for the enlargement of the Chatham Dockyard.

A FRIGHTFUL occurrence took place a few days ago (says a letter from Rome), just out of Velletri, on the road to Valmontone, where there was a fair that day. A young man, named De Santia, was riding out in company with some friends, when, from a lane, a man, armed with a gun, stepped into the middle of the road and intimated to the party to stop. De Santia, who was nearest to him, pulled out a revolver and shot the brigand at once, but had no sooner done so than he was himself shot down by the falling brigand, according to some accounts, or by his accomplices, according to others, who were in ambush behind the hedge and showed themselves on hearing the report of firearms. At all events the assailant and the assailed were left dead on the road, everybody else taking to flight, and it was some time before the gendarmes from Velletri came to restore the corpse of De Santia to his relatives and to expose that of the brigand in the principal piazza for recognition. He turned out to be one of the refugees Neapolitan reactionists.

A FEW days ago an Alderney cow, grazing in Baby Park, was attacked by a male red deer. The cow endeavoured to defend itself with its horns, but the stag, being the more active animal, got round it, and threw it violently on the ground by means of charging it in the flank. The cow was seriously injured. —*Durham Chronicle*.

DEATH OF GENERAL MORGAN.

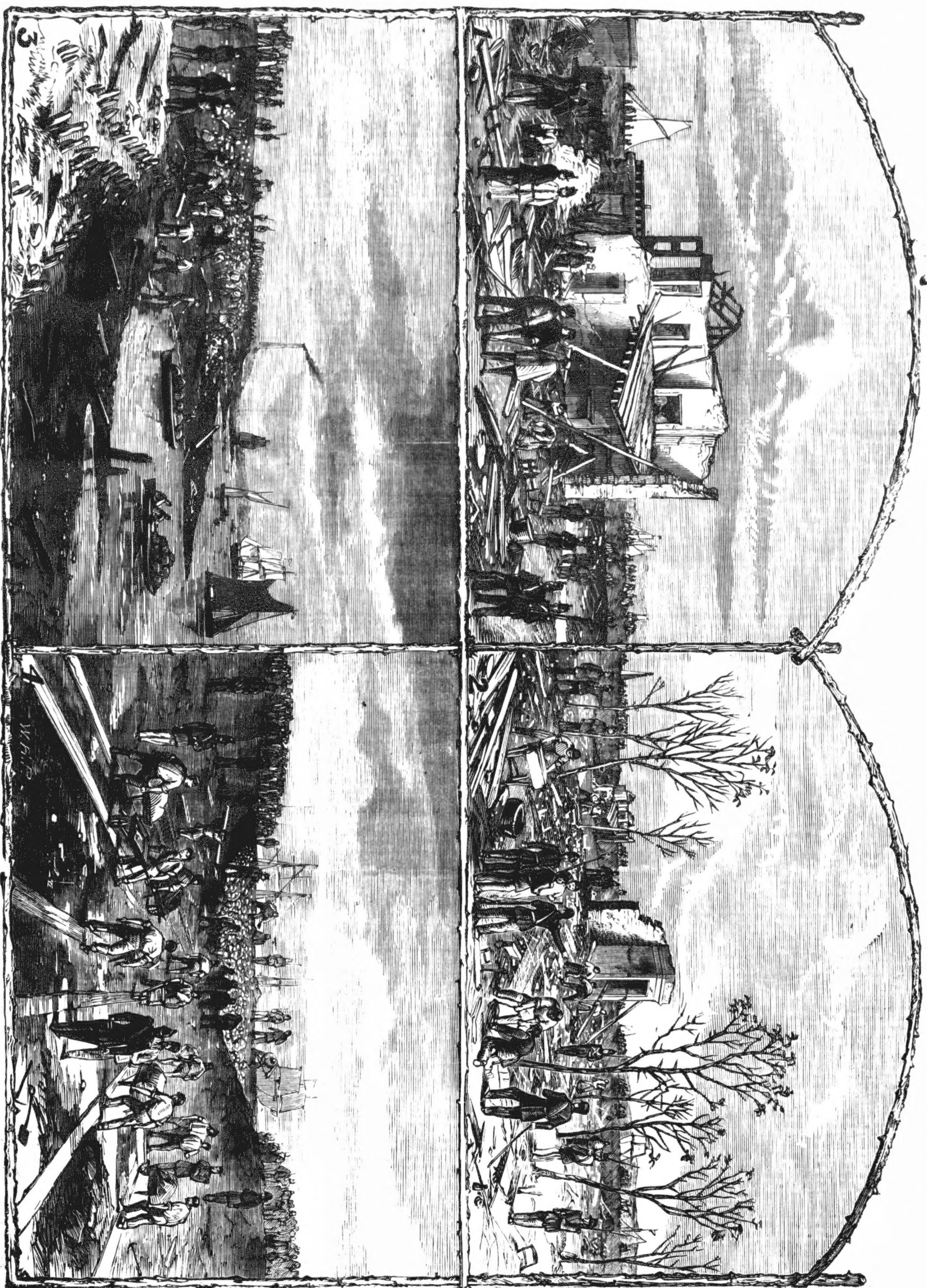
WHEN General Morgan entered Greenville, Tennessee, after first sending forward a guard, it had been ascertained that the enemy were not nearer than Bull's Gap, sixteen miles distant. The general established his headquarters at the residence of Mrs. Dr. Williams, near the centre of the town. Shortly after the advent of the guard in town, young Mrs. Williams (daughter-in-law of the lady at whose house General Morgan had his headquarters) disappeared; a scout was sent out, but could not find her, and, as she returned with the enemy next morning, it appears she had ridden all the way to Bull's Gap, and had given information of Morgan's whereabouts and the strength of the guard. Precautions having been taken to prevent egress from the town, General Morgan and his staff retired to rest, and, being greatly fatigued, slept very soundly. About four o'clock in the morning (September 4) they were roused by the elder Mrs. Williams, who informed them that the Yankees had surrounded the house. The general and his staff sprang from their beds, armed themselves, and rushed out at the opposite door to that at which the Yankees were thundering. On the side of the house where they escaped is a very large yard and garden with a great deal of foliage and a vineyard. But the Yankees began to appear so thick and fast around them that concealment became hopeless, and they rushed out to attempt to fight their way through, in the hope of succour and assistance from the battalion near at hand. The general had directed Major Gassett to examine and see if there was any chance of escape from the front of the basement into the street. Major Gassett looked and replied that there was a chance, but it was a desperate one, which General Morgan did not hear, as at that instant the Yankees charged up to the fence separating the hotel from Mrs. Williams's grounds; the general, with Major Gassett, Captain Rogers, and Mr. Johnson, sprang out in the direction of the vineyard; the two latter were captured, and the general killed. The general was determined never to surrender, and told members of his staff they must not give up. He was heard to say, "They have got us sure," when he drew his pistol, and commenced firing. After General Morgan had been killed, the unfeeling brutes who had murdered him threw his lifeless body across a horse, and paraded it through the street. His body was subsequently sent through the lines by flag of truce. —*Southern Paper*.

TERRIBLE AND FATAL GUNPOWDER EXPLOSION AT ST. PETERSBURG.—A fearful catastrophe has taken place near St. Petersburg, which has thrown all the inhabitants into the greatest alarm. A portion of the great powder-mill of Ochta, a suburb of St. Petersburg, has exploded. The noise of the explosion was terrible, and its effect very disastrous. About thirty buildings have been destroyed; a considerable number have been set on fire, and about eighty have been injured. Six workmen were killed, more than fifty wounded, some seriously, and no trace whatever could be found of three others. The country around has more or less suffered from the shock, and all the window panes of the convent of Smolensk, on the other side of the Neva, were smashed.



THE CHINESE WAR.—THE ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF FANKIN. (See page 261.)

THE EXPLOSION AT ERITH.—1. The remains of the house of Mr Silver, the foreman. 2. The ruins of the houses of Mr. Payner, the manager. 3. Repairing the breach in the river wall. 4. The chimney of the Southern Outfall Sewer Works in the distance. 4. Hoisting up the bags of clay at the breach by the military. (See page 258.)



THE EXPLOSION AT ERTH.—1. The remains of the house of Mr Silver, the foreman. 2. The ruins of the house of Mr. Rayner, the manager. 3. Repairing the breach in the river wall. 4. Packing up the bags of clay at the breach by the military. (See page 261.)

THE CHINESE WAR.—THE ASSAULT AND CAPTURE OF HANKIN. (See page 261.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

DRURY LANE.—The Second Part of Shakspeare's "Henry the Fourth" has been produced this week. The principal scenes in the new production are the court-yard before Justice Shallow's house in the last act; the room in the palace at Westminster, in which takes place the celebrated scene between the King and the Prince of Wales; and the last scene, representing the procession from Westminster Abbey after the coronation of Henry the Fifth, in which Sir John is rebuked by the new-made King and sent off to the Fleet prison. The scenes are eminently attractive, and the final scene especially, with the stage completely filled by nobles, armed knights, soldiers, pursuivants, archers, and grooms of the household, and the windows of the surrounding houses, showing crowds of anxious lookers-on, is remarkably striking. In fact, all that could be done for Shakspeare's historical drama has been done by Messrs. Falconer and Cartwright, but the second play does not afford them the same chance of creating a sensation as the first. Nevertheless, that the second part of "Henry the Fourth" will have a successful, if a brief career, may be safely predicted; although nearly all the parts have been changed. Mr. Henry Marton, the King in the first part, makes way for Mr. Phelps in the second; Mr. Walter Lacy resigns the Prince of Wales to Mr. Edmund Phelps; Mr. Robert Roxby, having to personate Pistol, who makes no appearance in the first part, has to give up Poins to Mr. Warde; and last, Mr. Phelps, who doubles the parts of Henry the Fourth and Justice Shallow in the second part, cedes Falstaff to Mr. Barrett, who played the Earl of Westmoreland in the first part, now handed over to Mr. T. O. Harris. As Mr. Phelps had played Falstaff in the "First Part of Henry the Fourth," it is difficult to say why he did not play it in the "Second Part," doubtless he would have done so, but that the character of King Henry seems to have belonged by prescriptive right to the first tragedian of a theatre's company, from the day of John Keble downwards. For our own part, we are entirely satisfied with the Falstaff of Mr. Barrett, who, we must say, gives a most satisfactory notion of the fat and mirth-loving knight. The Prince of Mr. Edmund Phelps is a fair performance. One of the very best acted characters in the play was the Pistol of Mr. Robert Roxby, which was thoroughly well conceived and most forcibly conveyed. The two great scenes, the quarrel with Falstaff at Mrs. Quickly's house, and that where Pistol arrives at Justice Shallow's, bringing the news to Sir John of the King's death, were full of the quaintest humour, and comicality, and instinct, with that Lombard and swagger which is the essence of the character of Falstaff's "ancient." Mr. Roxby was not ill supported in the Bardolph of Mr. Alfred Raymond. The performance, however, which seemed to afford the greatest satisfaction was the Justice Shallow of Mr. Phelps, which he performed in conjunction with the King. This is, indeed, a remarkable performance, and, if not powerfully comic is wonderfully artistic. The "make up" was so good that on Mr. Phelps's entrance in the character of the old justice we positively did not recognise him. Not so, however, the audience generally, who received him with thunders of applause. Mr. Fitz-James, one of the most useful actors in the company, played Justice Silence with a very nice appreciation of the character, and was really admirable in the drunken bout at Justice Shallow's in the last act. With a strong word for Mrs. H. Vandenhoff's Dame Quickly and Mrs. Wallace's Doll Tearsheet we close our notice of the performance, the success of which was triumphant from beginning to end. Saturday (this evening) "Othello" will be performed, with Mr. Phelps in the character of the Moor, Mr. Creswick as Iago, Mr. Walter Lacy as Cassio, Mrs. Charles Young as Desdemona, and Miss Atkinson as Emilia.

HAYMARKET.—On Monday evening an English version of M. Alexandre Dumas's play, "Mademoiselle de Belle Isle," by Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, was produced at this theatre, for the purpose of introducing a new French actress, of some Parisian celebrity, in a part that once employed the talents of Rachel. Mlle. Bearrice, the new actress—who comes from the Odeon and Vaudeville Theatres in Paris—has a great deal to recommend her: a highly prepossessing appearance, infinite tenderness and delicacy of expression, much natural ease, a graceful deportment, and considerable play of features. Indeed, she made her way with the audience in a moment, and was accepted well high before she had spoken a word. She speaks our language with ease and fluency, and her utterance is untrammelled by any material error of pronunciation. She has, indeed, the French accent and enunciation very perceptible in her speaking, but nothing to be compared to Mlle. Stalla Cilas, or even to Mr. Fehst-r. Mr. Howe sustained the part of Richelieu with great tact and vivacity, and Mr. W. Ferris gave an admirable picture of the jealous and high-principled cavalier, who was ready to lay down his life for his honour. Miss L. A. Angel was perfectly at her ease in the part of the marchioness, and the other characters were all supported most efficiently. Mlle. Bearrice was recalled at the end of the third act, and twice on the fall of the curtain, each time, being received with great enthusiasm.

PRINCESS'S.—"The Streets of London" and "Born to Good Luck" continue as attractive as ever. From the crowded audience nightly, the first piece will doubtless run a considerable time longer.

OLYMPIC.—We are authorized to contradict the report that the Olympic Theatre will in future be under the direction of a Limited Liability Company. Mr. Horace Wigan has obtained a lease of the property for a term of years, and will shortly re-open the theatre for the season as sole lessee and manager.

ASTLEY'S.—This favourite house was re-opened for the season on Monday night by Mr. E. T. Smith, under the most favourable auspices, every part of the building being crowded to excess. The performances opened with the "Double-bedded Room," in which the characters were all well sustained by Messrs. Sam Emery, Gresham, Craddock, and Atkins, Mrs. E. F. Edgar and Miss Minnie Clifford; but the great novelty is the appearance of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken, as Mazeppa. This lady, who has earned laurels in the United States, certainly filled the part to perfection, to use the words of the bills—"Fighting her own combat and climbing the fearful precipices on horseback herself, and not by deputy," and by her graceful action succeeded in drawing down thunders of applause and repeated encores. From the enthusiasm with which she was received there is little doubt that her sojourn at this theatre will prove a very great attraction.

ADELPHI.—The opening of this house for the winter season took place on Monday evening. The pieces selected for the occasion were "Good for Nothing," "The Irish Ambassador," and "Tedd the Tiler." It is scarcely necessary to say that "Good for Nothing," in the hands of Miss Woolgar, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. Billington, and Mr. W. H. Burne, was all that could be desired. The great features of the evening, however, were "The Irish Ambassador" and "Tedd the Tiler," in which Mr. John Collins, a gentleman who has attained much celebrity in America as a delineator of Irish character and a singer of Irish songs, made his appearance, and produced a most favourable impression as Sir Patrick O'Plenipo, in "The Irish Ambassador," and as Tedd, in "Tedd the Tiler." Mr. Collins is an actor of no inconsiderable merit. He combines a perfect knowledge of stage business with a capital brogue, unexceptionable because it is genuine; and he carefully avoids most of the vulgarity in which many actors are too prone to indulge when representing Irish character. As a singer of Irish songs he is most effective, eliciting

a unanimous encore for his opening song in "The Irish Ambassador," "The Bould Sojer Boy." If possible, he increased his reputation as a vocalist in "The Low-Back'd Car," and more especially so in "Widow Machree," which was twice encored. Mr. Collins's style is gentlemanly, and without straining after effect he produces it. At the conclusion of "Tedd the Tiler" Mr. Collins was loudly called for, and bowed his acknowledgments.

VICTORIA.—The great attraction here is the drama of "The Break of Morn; or, the Dark Valley," which is produced with excellent scenic and other effects. There is also a very attractive ballet, followed by the drama of "Cartouche."

BRITANNIA.—Few establishments cater better for its numerous audiences than this. The excellent drama of "Tom of Tadcaster" is admirably placed on the stage. This is followed by the delightful Swiss singing of Madame Pison; the nigger eccentricities of Louis Lindsey; and the very clever ventriloquial performance of Mr. G. W. Jester, the "Man with the Talking Hand." The little old lady is highly amusing and particularly communicative. The after-piece has been the drama of "The Three Lives."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—A concert, given by Signora Luigia Garibaldi's Italian opera company, took place on Saturday, and attracted a very numerous audience, a portion of which had doubtless come to hear the music *per se*, and others to hear and behold the niece of the famous Garibaldi. Many of the ladies wore red cloaks and jackets, with the evident intention of doing homage to the illustrious Italian hero, and, at the same time, helped the fair visitors within to rival in brilliancy and variety of tints the myriads of blushing and blooming flowers without. Signora Luigia Garibaldi (who wore the national colours round her neck and waist) sang with true feeling and appreciation Mercadante's cavatina, "Or la sull' onde" ("Il Giuramento"), and Donizetti's "Oh mio Fernando!" ("La Favorita") besides joking in the "Quartetto Finale," from "Rigoletto" and leading Ardit's patriotic hymn, "La Garibaldina." In this last piece Signora Garibaldi seemed as if her uncle's name had aroused in her all his indomitable spirit, and a sculptor might have traced in her impassioned expression and poised attitude a Bellona summoning her troops to the field.

The band, led by their able conductor, Mr. Augustus Manns, played with their usual ensemble and efficiency the overtures to De Ligny's "Ser Gianni Caraccioli" and to "William Tell," the last of which was loudly encored.

This day (Saturday) the first of the series of winter concerts is announced to take place.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The boys from the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea (Duke of York's School), by permission of Colonel Yorke, C.B., accepted the kind invitation of Professor Anderson to his Saturday morning juvenile entertainment. They were 400 in number, with their attendants and the band, and the juvenile soldiers appeared highly delighted on the occasion. The hall was densely crowded in every part.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER'S FESTIVALS.—Mr. Howard Glover has organized a series of vocal and instrumental entertainments on a large scale, to be given on alternate Saturdays throughout the winter at Drury Lane Theatre. The first came off on Saturday afternoon, and filled the theatre in every part. The programme was not only of a most attractive, but of a most superior kind. A complete and splendid band, selected from the orchestras of the Royal Italian Opera and Her Majesty's Theatre, was provided, assisted in some special performances by the bands of the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards, while nearly all the vocal and solo instrumental talent at present available in London was secured. The principal singers were Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Florence Lancia, Madame Parepa, Mlle. Liebhart, Miss Emily Solimine, Madame Weiss, Mlle. di Rosi, Messrs. George Tedder, George Perren, Lewis Thomas, Leonard Walker, and W. H. Weiss; and instrumentalists, Mlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin (pianoforte), M. Lott (violin), Mr. Levy (cornet-a-piston), and Mr. Lazarus (clarinet). The grand feature of the concert was the performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, with pictorial illustrations by Mr. William Beverley, and with the addition of dramatic and pantomimic action, conducted by Mr. Howard Glover. The concert was eminently successful.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—The band of the Danish Guards and the "Danish National Vocalists," from the Tivoli, at Copenhagen, have achieved great success since their first appearance in a Danish fantasia, entitled "Danke Toner," arranged by M. Julien, in which the Danish band played two solos, and joined the orchestra in the Danish National Hymn. The instruments of the Danish band are entirely of brass, and some of the treble cornets have a remarkable mellow and flute tone. Another feature in the concert is that of a celebrated Welsh performer on the saxophone—most strangely denominated—Ali Ben Jen-kins, who, in the popular air, "Wapping Old Stairs," with variations, created a *fiore*. These concerts close on the 17th.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—This evening (Saturday) is the last of these very popular and entertaining concerts at Covent Garden. The season closes with the benefit of the spirited conductor. We feel assured that he will be rewarded with a crowded house.

WIGTON'S MUSIC HALL.—This popular place of amusement has an excellent programme for its numerous patrons. The selections from "La Sonnambula" and "Gay Maunering" are admirably executed, under the able conductorship of Mr. P. Corri. In the first selection, Mlle. Trissiani made her first appearance at this hall, and executed "Dearest Companions" and other principal solos in a very artistic manner. Mr. Haydn Corri, for "As I View," and Mr. Vernon Rigby, for "All is Lost Now," were both warmly applauded; while "Do not Mingle," taken up admirably by the chorus, was loudly called for again. Miss Armitage sang the very pretty ballad by Montgomery, of "Those Beautiful Bells," which appeared first in the popular periodical of Bow Bells. Mr. Dickinson's "My Pretty Jane," and Mr. Nott's "Come into the Garden, Maud," both received encores; while Mr. J. G. Forde, Mr. Stead, and Mr. J. H. Giles in their comic effusions drew down the utmost applause. Miss Georgina Dale has re-appeared this week in her effective serio-comic and characteristic entertainment, and has been very favourably received.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

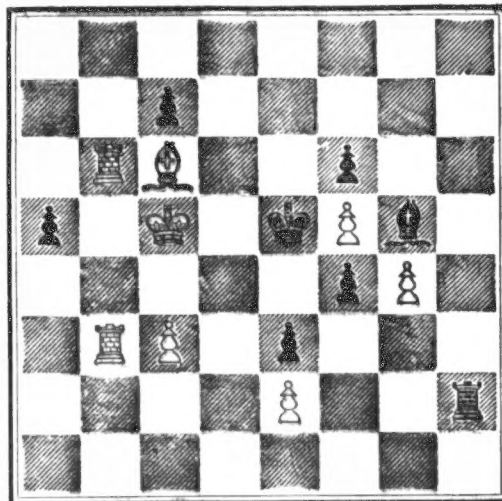
GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Ground from which crops have been removed should now be well manured, dug, and, if heavy, ridged up for the winter. If in good condition, to be filled up with cabbage and winter greens. To check luxuriant growth in broccoli, the plants may be taken up and laid in by their heels in trenches, and covered up to their leaves, to preserve them through the winter for spring planting. If the tops of asparagus are decayed, cut them close to the ground, and the beds cleared and covered three inches deep with rotten dung or leaves. Plant the last crop of endive. Clear away decayed leaves from rhubarb beds, and dress with good soil such plants as are intended for early forcing. Thin the late sowings of turnips cautiously, as they will not require so much room as the spring sowings.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Continue to take up choice plants, as advised last week. Plant anemones, polyanthus, ranunculuses, and the hardy sorts of bulbous roots, such as jonquils, hyacinths, narcissuses, crocuses, snowdrops, winter aconites, &c. Plant offshoots of tulips and prepare beds. Look well to roses, and prune, reducing the number of shoots to secure finer flowers.

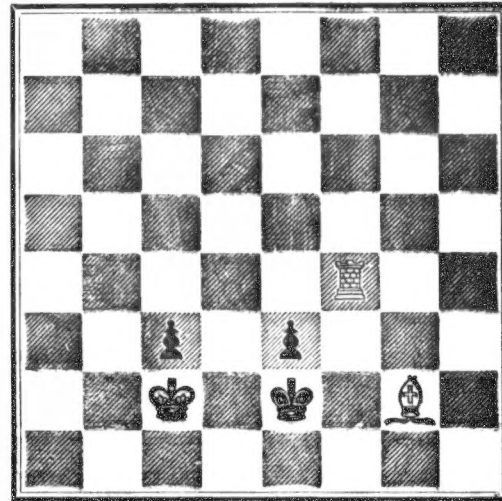
Chess.

PROBLEM No. 210.—By J. F. HOPE, Esq.
Black.



White.
White to move, and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 211.—By W. HINCHLIFF, Esq.
(For the Juveniles.)
Black.



White.
White to move, and checkmate in four moves.

Game between Messrs. Shaw and M.

White. Mr. Shaw.	Black. Mr. M.
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	2. P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	3. P to K Kt 4
4. P to K R 4	4. P to K Kt 5
5. Kt to K 5	5. P to K 3 (a)
6. Kt takes K Kt P	6. B to K 2
7. B to Q B 4	7. B takes P (ch)
8. K to B square (b)	8. P to K R 4
9. Kt to K B 2	9. B takes Kt
10. K takes B	10. Q to K Kt 4
11. P to Q 4	11. Kt to K 2 (c)
12. B to K 2	12. P to K B 5
13. Kt to Q B 3	13. P to K R 6
14. B to K B 3	14. Q to K Kt 6 (ch)
15. K to K 2	15. B to K Kt 5
16. Q to B square	16. P takes P (d)
17. B takes R (ch)	17. K to Q 2
18. Q to Kt square	18. Q takes B (ch)
19. K to K square	19. Q to Kt 6 (ch)
20. K to Q 2	20. Q to K 6 (ch)
21. Q takes Q	21. P takes Q (ch)

White resigns.

- (a) B to K 2 also constitutes a good defence at this point.
(b) This is inferior to the received move of 8. Kt to K B 2.
(c) Had he moved 11. Kt to K B 3, White would in all probability have rejoined with Q to K B 3.
(d) Very ingenious and conclusive. After this, White has no resource to save the game.

A "FEMALE GENTLEMAN."—A correspondent writes:—"Miss Salie M. Monroe, of New Britain, Chenango County, a practising physician of the hydropathic school, has permanently adopted the masculine attire—not merely bloomer's, but the veritable dress of a gentleman, from hat to boots. So the *ultima thule* of the dress reform has been reached at last! Miss Monroe, who makes a fine-looking cavalier, either on horseback or on foot, usually wears a blue coat and buff waistcoat, with plain flat gilt buttons, blue trousers, boots and hat, all good cut. She is a young lady of irreproachable character, skilful in her profession, brave, energetic, ambitious, and eminently self-reliant. She wears the masculine in preference to the feminine dress, because she conceives the former to be better adapted to the active duties of her profession.—*New York Home Journal*.

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TEA uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker, Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—[Advertisement.]

FOR Toothache, Tic-doloureux, Faciesche, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. Johnson's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box, by post, fourteen stamps, Kendal, chemist, Clapham-road.—[Advt.]

POLICE COURTS.
GUILDHALL.

BOW STREET.

CLERKENWELL

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

WOESHIP STREET.

THAMES

SOUTHWARK.

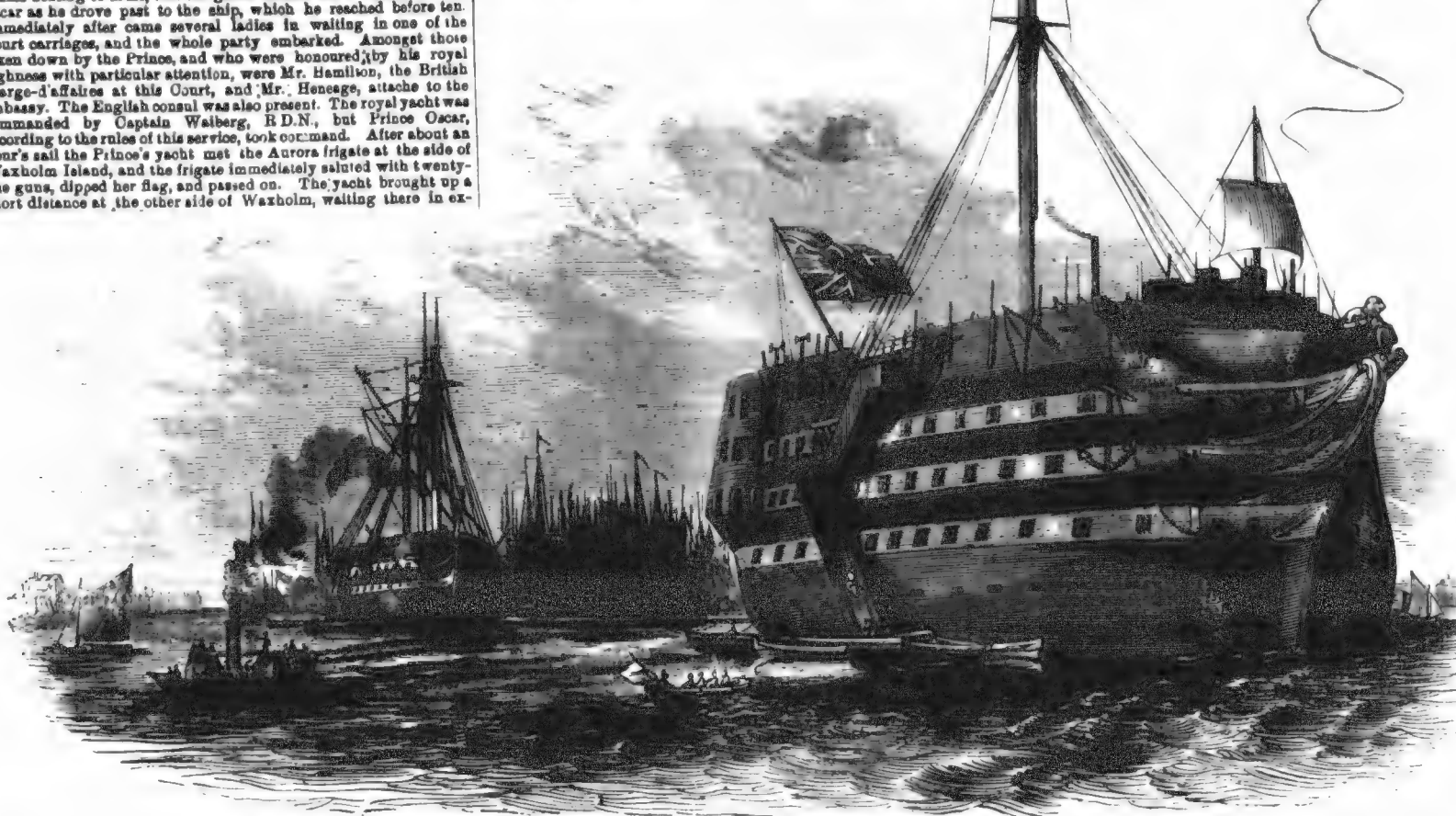
LAMBETH

ALLEGED ILL-TREATMENT OF A WIFE.—Mr. Edmund Hammond, of Laurel House, Rickham, Enze allied, his servant, and Emily Wakeman, alleged to live under his protection, who stood committed at the Surrey Sessions to answer a charge of assaulting Mrs. Hammond, and also one of conspiring to throw up the lady and keep her in confinement for two years, attended at this court for the purpose of entering the necessary form of recognizances. It appeared that an application had been made in chambers to Mr. Justice Stree for a writ of *certiorari* to move the inclosure if found, from the Surrey Sessions to the Central Criminal Court. His lordship gave the order as requested, and the grand jury at the Surrey Sessions having found a true bill against the parties, they were in attendance as above named, and in the presence of Mr. Bunner, the solicitor for the prosecutor, and Mr. Neale, for the defence, the necessary forms were compiled with, so that the trial of the accused will not come on before the 24th inst.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES IN SWEDEN.

THE following is from a Stockholm letter of September 26th:— "The King, who is charmed with the visit, was early in town, and designed to make a personal inspection of the various preparations. I saw his Majesty drive to the palace with the Queen a little after mid-day, and his handsome bearded face seemed beaming with pleasure. But long before that hour his Majesty's brother, Prince Oscar, vice-admiral of the kingdom, went out towards the distant entrance of the narrower waters, which form the beautiful marine approach to the Swedish capital. His royal highness had the war yacht Valkyrian brought up to the city quays, and took to sea with him a large suite to meet the Osbornes. At a quarter before ten the King's aide-de-camp went on board. Shortly after I heard the drums beating to arms, and the guard turned out to salute Prince Oscar as he drove past to the ship, which he reached before ten. Immediately after came several ladies in waiting in one of the Court carriages, and the whole party embarked. Amongst those taken down by the Prince, and who were honoured by his royal highness with particular attention, were Mr. Hamilton, the British charge-d'affaires at this Court, and Mr. Heneage, attaché to the embassy. The English consul was also present. The royal yacht was commanded by Captain Welberg, R.D.N., but Prince Oscar, according to the rules of this service, took command. After about an hour's sail the Prince's yacht met the Aurora frigate at the side of Waxholm Island, and the frigate immediately saluted with twenty-one guns, dipped her flag, and passed on. The yacht brought up a short distance at the other side of Waxholm, waiting there in ex-

in a general's uniform, acknowledged by low bows on both sides. The royal party were handed into the magnificent royal equipages which were so long awaiting their arrival, and the outriders, holding bright flambeaux in their hands, looked something unearthly in their scarlet uniforms and strange prancing horses. The Charles the Twelfth Guards, dressed in the quaint costume of the monarch whose name they bear, had previously galloped to the front or closed up in rear, and so the procession now moved on through the vast crowds of orderly and well-dressed people, who, with a strange sharp peculiar hurrah, gave incessant welcome to the visitors of their beloved King. The drive was merely round three sides of the huge palace; then it led under the great archway, where the carriages drew up. Immediately opposite the Prince's coach was a guard of honour of the Norwegian Guards, tall men,



THE OLD DREADNOUGHT HOSPITAL SHIP, FORMERLY OFF GREENWICH.

pectation of the Osbornes' arrival, but finding her not coming Prince Oscar returned to the island and gave an excellent dinner to his guests on board. At a quarter past three a telegram came to us with the disagreeable intelligence that bad weather had again tracked the steps of the English royal travellers, and that the yacht had only reached Landsort at a quarter to one, that place being about sixty miles from Stockholm. It was nearly half-past five when the Osbornes and the Valkyrian sighted each other, and Prince Oscar, in the performance of his duty as representative of his brother the King, immediately left his yacht with his whole party in a small tender and steamed out for the English yacht. Just at this moment an unfortunate event happened which threw a great gloom over the whole of the proceedings. One of the sailors of the Osbornes near the boat, and preparing to get down the gangway, unhappily slipped into the water, and, despite every exertion to save him, was drowned. Life belts, &c., were thrown out, but in vain, and Prince Oscar made every possible exertion to get up in time and save the poor fellow's life. This happened a minute or two before the Swedish Prince went on board, and as the Princess Alexandra witnessed the sad event she was sadly affected, and had to retire to her cabin at the moment; but the Prince of Wales is generally cool and collected, and he came to the gangway to meet Prince Oscar, and shook him warmly by the hand, and presented to his royal highness the members of his suite. For the rest of the voyage to the city the two princes remained on board the Osbornes, and kept up a friendly and incessant conversation. All preparations had, meanwhile, been made in the city, and even the carriages were brought down to the landing-place at five p.m.; and for a long time we had hoped that the landing would take place by daylight. From the roadway in front of the palace a railed-off way was made to the landing-place. It was draped on the balustrades with dark blue cloths, sprinkled with golden royal crowns, and spread with cloth of the same colour under foot. At each side of this, from an early period of the day, a great crowd began to assemble, and with usual Scandinavian patience no delay or disappointment, or long lapse of time, seemed to diminish the expectant numbers. In fact, as it became nearly dark, every open space in the neighbourhood was black with people, and even the ships in the harbour were crowded with anxious Swedes. In the distance, shortly after seven o'clock, we heard the boom of distant guns, and it was now certain the royal yacht was not far off. Nearer still we saw flashes from the battery of Castellholmen Island, and the dull sound as of rumbling thunder fell on our ears. All told us that a quarter of an hour was now sufficient to bring up the Osbornes; and the policemen on duty held high overhead, as a guide to the royal ship, lighted flambeaux, which illuminated the waters underneath. The yacht could not easily reach the shore, at least in quick time, so the anchor was let down when she came within about eighty yards of the quay, and the whole royal party came to the landing-place in the ship's boat. Here they were received by the Governor of Stockholm, the deputy governor, and one or two other officials, and the Princess and Prince Oscar, followed by the Prince of Wales and Prince John of Denmark, who accompanied them from Copenhagen, advanced towards the carriage. Earl and Countess Spencer, General Knollys, and the rest of the suite, walked up the wide gangway, along which, at intervals, men in uniform were holding on high blazing flambeaux, which made all as clear as day. From all sides of the harbour, from sea and shore, and steamer and small boat, we heard loud hurrahs long before the Prince and Princess reached the landing-place. Now that he had set foot on Swedish soil a tremendous burst of cheering arose from the dense crowd which surrounded the platform, which the Prince, as he slowly advanced, dressed

looking gigantic in their high bearskins, with the great snow-white feather standing up from the sides. The military party presented arms, and as the sharp sound of the motion ceased the band struck up "God Save the Queen," and played it for a considerable time. The King and Queen met their royal guests on the staircase, and the most friendly greeting took place. Outside the welcome was more rough, but not less sincere.

REMOVAL OF THE HOSPITAL SHIP OFF GREENWICH.

Few of our readers voyaging down the Thames a few years back but will well remember the old Dreadnought hospital ship moored off Greenwich. This was one of England's celebrated old "wooden walls" of past wars. She took part in the great fight at Trafalgar, and on that remarkable occasion captured a Spanish three-decker, the San Juan. The great Collingwood left the Dreadnought for the Royal Sovereign ten days before the battle of Trafalgar, the latter being a better sailer, though the Dreadnought showed her capacity by firing three broadsides in three minutes and a half.

The hospital ship was first established in 1821 on board the Grampus, but the vessel not proving commodious enough, she was exchanged for the Dreadnought in 1831. In 1857, being in a very rotten condition, the Caledonia was substituted for her, and the old vessel broken up.

There being a number of factories in the neighbourhood of the hospital ship—which has received upwards of 100,000 sailors of all nations on board since first established—a removal has been suggested further down the river to a more healthy spot, which will doubtless be carried out.

Sooner than enter a land hospital many a poor sailor will perish afloat; and seamen often travel from the most distant part of the kingdom to be received on board the vessel. No letter of recommendation is required. The sick seaman, no matter of what nation, has only to be rowed alongside, and is immediately received. We give an engraving of the old Dreadnought.

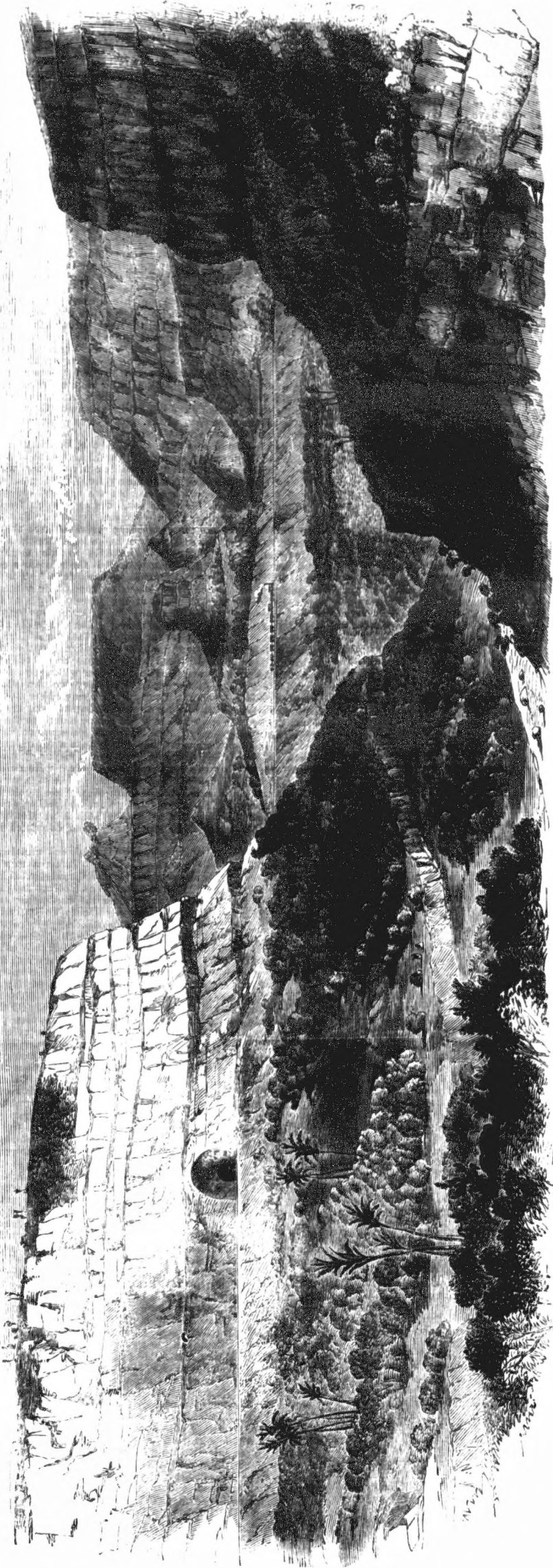
DEATH IN CHURCH.—During the celebration of divine service at St. Genevieve, Paris, a gentleman suddenly rose from his chair and cried out, "Help! help! I am dying!" and immediately fell to the ground. He was carried into the vestry-room, but before reaching it had expired. From papers found in his pocket, his name being found to be Larille, residing in the Rue des Cordiers, the body was conveyed to his home.

A GIRL MISSING.—Harriet Salmon, aged sixteen years, a nursemaid in the service of the Rev. A. Paion, Tuddenhams, near Ipswich, left the charge of her own accord on the night of Wednesday, the 24th ult., and has not since been heard of. She escaped by the window, and no one appears to have aided her in her flight. She took with her an extra pair of boots, a supply of stockings, an umbrella, and her Church-services. In her apartment was found a letter written in pencil, addressed to one of her fellow-servants, in which she said "her friends were to make no sorrow for her, and they would never see her any more alive in this world, and that she had something on her mind which caused her many miserable hours since she and her fellow-servants had been picking currants together." The girl is a native of Sproughton, where her relatives reside. Her friends are greatly anxious about her, and every inquiry has been made respecting her, but without success; the belief is that she was decoyed from her home. She is represented as a well-educated girl for her station. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received by the parents, or communications may be made to the police-stations, Ipswich, or Tuddenhams.—*Bury and Norwich Post.*

FATHER IGNATIUS AT MANCHESTER.

On Sunday evening the Corn Exchange, Hanging Ditch, Manchester, was densely crowded in every part with an audience apparently composed of every shade of religious opinion, who had assembled to hear Father Ignatius preach "On the Day of Judgment." Shortly before the service commenced an attendant ascended the platform, bearing a crucifix, which he placed on a table. This was the signal for an outburst of hisses, which was kept up for some time, and then drowned by the cheers of a counter party. A little after seven Father Ignatius came forward, accompanied by Brother Brannock and a company of choristers. His appearance was greeted with mingled cheers and hisses. Proceeding to the front of the platform, Father Ignatius said the audience must bear in mind that he and his friends had come there to worship God, and if they persisted in those interruptions he would leave them as a company of heathens instead of Christians. (Cheers.) Father Ignatius proceeded: I do not want any applause; I have come here to worship God, and not to be applauded by guilty sinners. (Hisses and cheers.) At this time but few of those in the room had taken off their hats, and the rev. gentleman, again coming to the front of the platform said, "I am ashamed of you; and unless every one of you take off your hats, I will instantly leave the room." After a short pause, during which most of the gentlemen in the room uncovered their heads, Father Ignatius said he was perfectly disgusted with their conduct; he did not expect to have seen such things in the city of Manchester—(hear, hear)—they were little better than heathens. (A Voice, "Turn him out," mingled with cheers and hisses.) Father Ignatius: None of you were obliged to come here; I never asked any one to come, except to worship God, and if any of you have come for a different purpose, you had better go out. A short pause ensued after this delivery, during which the disturbance subsided, and Father Ignatius proceeded with the service. A slight interruption took place whilst he was singing, but it was of short duration. The rev. gentleman selected as the subject of his discourse the 25th chapter of Matthew, and the 6th verse: "At midnight there was a cry made, behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." During the discourse, which lasted upwards of an hour, only one interruption took place, and at the close a collection was made to defray expenses, the surplus to be applied to "the extension of the cause of the ministry in Manchester, and the opening of a mission for the poor." When the sermon was concluded, a great number of people of both sexes hurried forward to the platform, and Father Ignatius was occupied for fully a quarter of an hour in shaking hands with them, till he was apparently exhausted by the pressure of their enthusiasm. After a considerable portion of the audience had left the room, Father Ignatius returned to the platform, and stated that he and his coadjutors had established "a third order" in Manchester, for the benefit of those who, although living in the world, were willing to bind themselves by certain rules to the Church. A number of Manchester men had already joined the order, and facilities would be afforded at the conclusion of the meeting for any person who was willing to do so to join them. An interview, it is believed, afterwards took place between Father Ignatius and a number of ladies and gentlemen who desired to join the connexion.

We understand that Mr. Costa, at the request of her Majesty the Queen, has dictated his oratio of "Naaman," performed for the first time at the Birmingham Festival, to the memory of the late Prince Consort, who, it is said, took great interest in the selection and treatment of the theme Mr. Costa has so successfully handled.—*Birmingham Daily Post.*



THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

boats, and general peace must prevail—a better officer than general destruction.

The future of India is the railway. Our picture is a view of that wonderful Rhore Gant in which Lota was confined during her madness. Then it was solitary and desolate; now the splendid engine sweeps over its wastes, bringing comforts, supplying the wants of man, while the steam-whistle shrieks where but a little time since only the wild notes of native animals were to be heard.

The railway is a kind of saviour reader (not to speak irreligiously) which exterminates space, and brings man hand in hand with man in a few short hours. It is sweeping away the everlasting mountains which were set up between the nations. To use an old witticism of the fourteenth Louis of France, "There are no longer any Pyrenees."

Think of it—a huge mountain rears itself into space; and so truly does it divide the land, that the people on one side the mountain do not even speak the language of the people on the other side. And so men come, bore a hole through this mountain, and an engine can sweep from one side of the mountain to the other in comparatively a few poor minutes.

It appears to be a rule that the inhabitants of different sides of a mountain speak different languages; and it appears to be an engineering desire to place every mountain in the world, both sides of which are inhabited.

Oh, a noble contrast can be drawn between the soldier and the railway engineer. The one, however useful he may be, is really a destroyer; the other cures and creates, gives food where there is want, bestowing there clothing, and so acting the part of goodness and charity, and undying industry.

The soldier and the man of science, what a contrast! The soldier is ready to destroy all that has been created, and the man of science creates, out of the wisdom and the watching of his brain, those things which shall benefit the races which come after him.

I am quite aware that the seldier is a present necessity in this world, and one for which we have much cause to be grateful; but the time must come when he will be looked upon as useless, and when a military uniform shall be hung up in a museum as a curiosity.

War is necessary; but war is never any other than horrible. The harvest of war is too often but a fertilized field on which the battle was gained and lost.

The harvest of science is the bettering of life, and the making of God's people happy.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

THE PAST OF INDIA.

Not the past of India. People lived in such exclusiveness that it was death for some classes to touch others. To breathe upon a prince was almost death, and so wretched was the life of the very poor, that they held their life but from day to day, and when the rice failed them they died in millions.

This was the India of the time before the British came—if we add that each prince was continually at war with his fellow prince, and that war kept down the "surplus population." The English came, and at once destroyed much of the barbarities of caste. Then followed the great excuse of thousands of years, peace. The native princes had, for perhaps for thousands of years, warred with each other. But when the English were masters, these mail and sanguinary wars were put down, and comparatively no blood was shed on battle-fields in Hindostan.

But the English had not benefited the land, apart from the great boon of giving it to peace. There were fastnesses into which we could not get, and where people were still overcome by their rulers, where they died by thousands in the open ways, and were devoured by vultures.

Slowly, very slowly, but most certainly, the rails are curing these pest spots, and in a few years more India will be "developed" and all her people saved. Your rail is the directest weapon at driving national oppression and poverty that has ever been evoked by wisdom. It is the road of exchange—in other words, of doing to

your neighbour as you would be done by—and some day it will Christianize the world.

The years 1857-8 were years intimately associated with the past of India.

Those years were the last of its past—the time which has elapsed since those days belong to regenerated India. The India Company was swept away, a new Government was formed, and, ever since, India has been slowly taking her place in the gallery of modern nations.

The Tipoo and Nena Sahib are done with, and it were well to forget them.

Of the latter, however, let us utter a few words, he having belonged to that first India which has died the death.

Nena Sahib was one of the last of the treacherous school of Indian politicians—a class which never could carry on straightly. Is he alive?

It were merciful to wish him dead.

It were merciful to kill him, granting him to be still "breathing."

Who has not heard the story of the French king, to murder whom, the son of a great nobleman he had unjustly put to death hid in the king's bedchamber, and who, when the king, suspicious of all men, had barred and bolted out his nearest favourite, appeared to his majesty from behind the bed curtain, holding a burnished knife in his hand.

The intending murderer remembered his father's death, for he and his brethren had been placed under the scaffold, so that their parent's blood fell upon them, and he came forward, his dagger pointed at the quivering breast of the king.

Then the polestar of France fell at the would-be assassin's feet, and prayed so hard for life, so hungered for life, that the son of him who had been slain let fall the avenging steel, saying, "Exist, for in your fear of death I gain a vengeance every moment that you live."

Literature.
HIGHLAND JESSIE;
OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER CXXIII.

If the reader will take the trouble to look at the engraving which illustrates this chapter, one of the last of "Highland Jessie" he will find that to the left of the picture is an arched boring, which may not at first strike him (or her, if the reader be a lady) as anything in particular.

If, then, he or she look towards the centre of the picture, he will see a black line which a short examination will prove to be a railway train.

This is the future of India. When Watts puzzled his young train over the force of the steam issuing from a kettle—when he worked patiently for a score of years at his engine—when Stephenson, after him, worked at his engine, and mended the rillage shores meanwhile—and they any faint idea that they would be the great rulers and civilizers of the world?

Perhaps both men knew this—perhaps both men knew that steam in operation was, in the course of time, to destroy starvation by the equal distribution of food over the world. When it took a sailing ship three months to sail from the Danube to the Thames, little Wallachian corn reached England. Now that it can be brought in comparatively a few days, the corn-fields of the Danube help to keep down the price of bread.

Yes, the end of steam is to pacify the world—to destroy savagery, and free the nations—to make all men equal, and all men gentle, loving, and at peace.

The railway will subdue India, and make her gentle. The rail will score her face, but it will scatter industry on each side of the iron, and the treasure of the land will be carried to its borders, the inhabitants of the fastnesses will learn to benefit by their neigh-

At any moment it might fall; and so with him—the discovery of an instant—and the end of all would be a gallows and a swinging traitor.

Even at this distance of time, if the Nena were discovered, he would assuredly meet the infamous death of a murderer who assassinates on English land.

And this of his position, if alive. He who was a powerful potentate, whose jewels were of the value of a kingdom—he lives upon pity, upon charity.

His life, like the lives of all the wicked, has turned upon itself.

He is not worth hate.

His memory is worth no abhorrence.

For both, for life and for his memory, grant a little Christian pity. The sufferings he inflicted upon our English women were horrible, but they were short—they had a quick, fearful termination.

But if he lives, it is seven long years since his panic set in, and if he live a half-century hence never can he have one free, pure, certain moment of peace.

Of all men who have suffered by the Indian mutiny this poor wretch, Nena Sahib, has suffered most.

Men who knew him, and who know what must be his life if it still holds to him, have long since ceased to cry for vengeance against the man. They have learnt to pity him.

Yes, this is the end of his vengeance—he lives upon charity, and many men pity him.

CHAPTER CXXV.

COMMONPLACE.

Now let me return to my flock.

Lucknow was relieved—that was a certainty.

But the most enthusiastic individual that had experienced this benefit could not declare that the relief was as good as it might have been; for, to confess the truth at once, the garrison remained in a measure in a state of siege until the following November, when Sir Colin Campbell, as Lord Clyde should be called in referring to that date, finally relieved the garrison.

And, indeed, the relief had been obtained at very considerable loss, and this the enemy learning, they suddenly stayed their panic, returned in force, and once again camped down about us.

But they never had a chance, after the 25th of September—though we did remain on three-quarter rations up to the 22nd of November—when the commander-in-chief created a panic which dispersed those innumerable hordes of sepoys for ever.

But, three-quarter rations or not, we learnt by the relief that we were not forgotten, and so hope was once more in our hearts, and we went on well up to the end of November, when the party of besieged men, women, and children (a) broke up for good—never again to meet in this world, whatever they may in the next.

Came into garrison with the victorious relief forces Sir Clive St. Maur, Lady Maur, and Dr. Phil Effingham.

The uproarious delight with which the 3—th received their favourite doctor was a source of gratitude which Phil feels to this day, let him say what he will. The enthusiasm was quite foreign in its force; but it should never be forgotten that enthusiasm is very much like drink—the more you indulge in the more you want; and so the 3—th had “hoorooed” themselves hoarse over the coming of the relief forces, they indulged quite readily enough in nine times nine mote, in order to let Effingham into a piece of their mind.

It was fine to see Effingham going amongst the men. It was, “Ha! Smith, how’s that leg of yours? Better? That’s right; only mind, you’ll never be able to walk with it. What, White; you still alive? Ha! and still got your scar, I see. That was a nasty tular cut. Well, Ragerty, how are you? What’s your luck? Lost a little finger? Well, better than all a head. What, you don’t know about that? Well, I must say you set down your head at a high value. Ha! Evans, and how is your Welsh body getting on?”

And so he continued a quarter way through the regiment.

The men did not welcome Sir Clive St. Maur. They were not averse to him for his own sake, but they were against him because of his wife.

She was, as they thought, an Indian, and therefore they averted their eyes from her; for our readers do not require to be told that for a long time after the suppression of the mutiny our red coats did not look with love upon any Indians—even those who had remained faithful to us, for with a kind of instinct it was felt it had been a fidelity of fear, and not an adherence of love.

But before the second and final relief came, the 3—th had learnt to look upon Lady St. Maur with favour, because—because it was ascertained almost to a certainty that the lady in question was no Indian.

Every reader must have remarked in the ordinary course of his life how a clue once given, a very obvious secret, which never struck anybody, is at once brought to light.

So with Lady St. Maur.

No one had at any time suspected that she was not an Indian, although there was no evidence of the Indian in any one physiological evidence. But when the clue was once felt by the relation of Vengha’s angry information that Lota was no Indian whatever, then people began to see that there might be much in the argument adduced.

Inquiries were at once set on foot within the garrison, and the upshot of it was that the inference stood that Lota was the granddaughter of the Reverend George Graham, chaplain of the 3—th. It is true that this supposition has never been clearly proved, but the chaplain has no doubt upon the subject, while the 3—th, from the moment they heard of the discovery, banished doubt from their minds, and gave Lady St. Maur such a salute of welcome when she and her little boy first appeared in public after the rumour had been spread that the startled enemy sent over seven shells instant.

The chaplain’s belief in Lady St. Maur as his granddaughter was based upon a fragment of evidence which would not have held for a moment in a court of law, but which, to him, was very potent.

This proof was not in that something in Lota’s face which had always wonderfully moved him, and especially in that long-since morn in the previous May, when he and Phil had gone up to the bungalow, with the full intention of procuring her arrest if she would not confess that she knew of the mutinous movements on the part of the Indians—no, it was simply a crooked nail on each little finger, such a minor deformity as his daughter had exhibited.

The scraps of evidence to show Lota his grand-daughter were cogent, if not absolutely convincing. In the first place, inquiries brought to light the fact that an English child, a girl, had been stolen and devoted to Hindooism, as a sacrifice (this was on the confession of a Thug who had been caught, condemned to death, and duly executed in 1850) in the summer of 1840, and this was precisely the date when the Rev. Chaplain Graham had to deplore the loss of his grand-child, who, while travelling under protection, was lost and never heard of again.

Further inquiries showed that Vengha had undoubtedly visited this Thug in prison and endeavoured to poison him previous to that confession.

Finally, Lota could remember as a child a certain locket which

(a) How the children suffered can best be comprehended by the accompanying extract from the lists of the ladies and children in garrison:—“Mrs. Ma. tin and two children (two children dead), Mrs. Benson and child (child dead), Mrs. Thornhill and child (child dead), Mrs. Schilling, Mrs. Hale and child (both dead), Mrs. Fullerton and child (child dead), Mrs. Dorin, killed; Mrs. Kendall and child (child dead), Mrs. Bartrum and child (child dead), Mrs. Clarke and child (both dead), Mrs. Anderson and child (both dead), Mrs. Anderson, Dr. Mrs. Boileau and four children (one child dead), Miss E. E. Birch.

she wore, and for which she remembered she had a great liking; and her description of the toy, a remarkable little jewel set with coral in bands, tallied with the description Graham could offer of such a locket as Graham had given his grand-child a few weeks before she was lost.

But whether Graham and Lota were grandfather and daughter or not, the regiment maintains that they were, and there were some clear heads in that phalanx, and Graham urged that it did not much matter if they were not relations.

Said he, “Whether my child or not—of my blood or not—keep within these old arms, and let us love each other like father and daughter, if only for the troubles we have passed through.”

And so that is how she came to be named, by Graham himself, Charlotte—not because Charlotte was the name of his grand-daughter that he lost, but because St. Maur had Englished her name into Lotty, when he took aversion to the Indian word Lota as a name for his wife.

Even sharp Mrs. Captain Bury—“Gimlet,” as she was called in the regiment—even she saw the apportionment of the thing, after hearing all the evidence; and walking with Mrs. O’Gog past the Reverend George and Lady St. Maur, she remarked, “Look at them together—it is easy to see, by any one with the least pretension to penetration, that they are related; the family likeness is immense.”

And the romance Bury has made out of the case, now that she is out of the army, and in Dyott-street, Bloomsbury-square, where she is encamped for life, is simply and plainly not wholly veracious.

But time is flying, as it did with the besieged after the relief came.

In November they were set at liberty. Then followed some few months’ hard fighting, and then India was at peace; and those who had fought the good fight were glad to get leave of absence, or sell out, and come home, and love it and estimate its true value by reason of the many sorrows through which they had passed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FRIGHTFUL TRAGEDY NEAR WINDSOR.

On Sunday afternoon the inhabitants of the quiet and picturesque little village of Old Windsor were horrified by the discovery of a dreadful crime—involving the deaths of four persons—which had been committed in the house of a man named John Cook, a barber, at Old Windsor-green.

It seems that a man went to Cook’s house on Sunday afternoon for the purpose of being shaved; but, on knocking, could not obtain any answer. This attracted the attention of the neighbours, who then recollected that they had not seen or heard anything of Cook or his family during the morning. The assistance of a police-constable was obtained, and on the house being entered and the various rooms searched, a most frightful and distressing scene presented itself. In the front room the bodies of three little girls, aged respectively about four, six, and seven years—children of the man Cook, who had, it is believed, poisoned the little innocents with sulphuric acid or vitriol, diluted with tea—were discovered undressed and laid out. These, from the appearance of the bodies, had been dead several days, probably a week. In the front room up-stairs, a bed-room, Cook himself was found with his throat cut in two large gashes; he was still alive and undressed. Lying by his side, with her throat cut, was a little girl, his daughter, eight years of age, also alive. Proceeding to the up-stairs back room the party found the eldest daughter, a girl twelve years of age, who had been poisoned with the sulphuric acid, but was still living, while in the down stairs back room was discovered a pall containing blood, over which Cook had evidently held his head while attempting to commit suicide.

The discovery of the murders was made about three o’clock, and a messenger was immediately despatched to Windsor for the assistance of Dr. E. Pearl, High-street, who shortly hurried over to Old Windsor, and did all that medical science could administer for the surviving sufferers. The girl whose throat had been cut was removed to the Windsor Infirmary. The eldest girl, who was poisoned, remains at Old Windsor, and is likewise living. Cook, who was about thirty-eight, expired about seven o’clock on Sunday evening.

Although the three youngest children would appear to have been murdered nearly a week back, it seems that Cook did not attempt to take away the lives of the two eldest children till about Friday week. The murderer himself was seen out in the village, as it is understood, on Saturday, so that it would appear that Cook had hesitated till the last moment before he attempted to commit suicide. The razor with which the miserable man cut his own throat and that of his child, together with a vessel containing a mixture of vitriol, tea, and treacle, the remainder of the poison which had destroyed the three youngest children, have been found. No motive has yet been ascertained for the commission of the murders. The house bore signs of poverty, though food—bread and butter—was found. A subscription, had it is understood, been raised in Cook’s behalf, which, it is stated, was not exhausted. Several county court orders and a “notice to quit” were, however, discovered and this, coupled probably with the death of the unfortunate man’s wife, which occurred in July, may have affected his mind.

A correspondent at Windsor, writing on Tuesday, says:—“Last night, at ten o’clock, the eldest daughter of the murderer, John Richard Cook, was still alive. But faint hopes of her recovery are, however, entertained by her medical attendant. At present she is only kept alive by the injection of nourishing stimulants, brandy, &c., and the poor child lies in the humble bedroom of her father’s cottage at Old Windsor, moaning piteously. The policeman, George Lovell, 26, of the Berks constabulary, who discovered the murder, states that on sending out into the village for the assistance of a woman to tend the suffering girl, none of the neighbours would give their services. He was then forced to send to the union, whence one of the aged inmates was sent to wait upon the sufferer. The girl’s mouth, throat, and chest present a dreadful spectacle, being burnt and blackened by the vitriol vomited from her stomach. The cottage of Cook, a small four-roomed building, with white-washed front, surrounded by a small garden, bounded by a low hedge, with the flower beds trampled and flattened by the feet of the children, is a perfect house of death, and few would expect to find such a scene of horror in such a quiet and innocent looking village as Old Windsor.

The scene in the little front parlour is heart-rending. There, on a bed made upon the floor, lie three interesting little girls in their death slumber undressed—with the exception of the youngest, who is clothed in a little dark frock and white pinafore. They are lying side by side in a row, with countenances almost placid, and one might almost fancy they are sleeping, and it is not till the bed-clothes are removed from the upper portions of their bodies that the hideous and violent nature of their death becomes apparent. In their dying agony the children would seem to have turned upon their right sides, while their mouths and necks, as in the case of the elder girl, were scorched and blackened with the vitriol. The girl who was found with her throat cut, lying beside her father, and conveyed to the Windsor Infirmary, is, Dr. Pearl thinks, improving, and her life will probably be saved. She is under the care of the Infirmary surgeon. The gentry in the neighbourhood of Old Windsor have been very kind in their attention to the girl who was poisoned, and many little comforts, such as ice, grapes, &c., have been sent by Mrs. Lovibond and Miss Thackeray, ladies residing in the district. Two letters have been found, one directed to the vicar, and the other to the brother, written by the murderer Cook, which will no doubt reveal the motives for the commission of this dreadful murder. Numbers of people, actuated by a morbid feeling of curiosity, have visited the premises.”

REMARKABLE TRIAL IN FRANCE.

A VERY extraordinary trial, vividly illustrative of the morals and manners of rural society in France, is reported in one of the recent numbers of the *Journal des Debats*. In one of the southern departments of France the Tarn-et-Garonne, half-way between the Mediterranean and the Bay of Biscay, there is a small village called Graule entirely inhabited, like the rest of the district, by farmers and agricultural labourers. One of the leading farmers of Graule, last summer, was Jean Betolieres, a man about fifty, with a wife and two sons, named Marcellin and John. The next door neighbour of Betolieres was Master Vigie, another farmer, tolerably well off in worldly circumstances, but unhappy in his family relations. He constantly quarrelled with his wife and children, and it was generally rumoured in the country that he was not a faithful husband. Betolieres, in particular, suspected him of having seduced his own wife as far back as the year 1850, and he positively asserted that he had twice surprised the guilty couple, at intervals of several years, the first time in 1851. It would seem, from this account, that Farmer Betolieres was no Othello, for during all this long interval of time he was in the habit of discussing the matter very freely, not only with the elders of the village, but with his two sons, Marcellin and John, the first twenty-seven, and the other twenty-four years old. Marcellin, who had fallen a victim to the conscription in 1858, but had returned, as a discharged soldier, in the spring of the present year, showed himself particularly angry, and often expressed his determination to punish the seducer of his mother. He even went so far as to tell his intention to Vigie’s own son, who so far from blaming him, freely approved of the deed, encouraging him to “kill the old rascal.” These communications led to a formal agreement between Marcellin Betolieres and young Vigie. It was settled that the latter should blow a horn, on a certain evening, when he expected his father would pay a visit to the faithless wife of Betolieres, and that on this signal the latter and his sons would fall upon old Vigie, and “give it him.” Thus matters stood on the morning of the 2nd of June last at the village of Graule. On the evening of the same day, about nine o’clock, Farmer Betolieres, his two sons, and two servants, are sitting at the supper table, when suddenly the sound of a horn is heard a short distance off. On this Marcellin jumps up precipitately and hurries out of the house. A few minutes after he is heard calling his brother, whereupon both the latter and the father hurry from the house. The two servants attempt to follow them, but are fiercely ordered back. A quarter of an hour elapses, during which fearful cries of “Murder, murder!” are heard outside, followed by deep silence. Then the trembling servants see the window of their room broken, and an arm and a head stretched through. It is Marcellin. “Come out,” he cries to his mother, who, more dead than alive, has been sitting all the while in a corner of the room, “come out, and see what we have done.” The terrified woman makes no reply, and Marcellin runs off in another direction. He makes his appearance at the house of Vigie, at the door of which stands the farmer’s son. “We have done for your rascally father,” he cries, “come and see.” The son, without betraying the least emotion, follows Marcellin into an adjoining field. There, covered with wounds, and still bleeding, lies the dead body of his father. Betolieres and his two sons coolly tell the new comer that they have assassinated his father with their sabots; they have battered him down with their heavy wooden shoes, as a butcher would kill an ox. Young Vigie seems rather pleased than otherwise at the sight of his murdered parent, and, having examined the body to see whether there is any money in the pockets, snatches home carefully. Betolieres and his sons, on their part, having held a short conversation, decide upon a determined course of action. They straightway proceed to the mayor of the village, and inform him of the murder of old Vigie. “He seduced my mother,” cries Marcellin, “and we punished him accordingly.” “And if he should arise into life,” he adds, “we would kill him again.” Of course, Marcellin, his brother, and father, are carried to prison, and in due time before the assizes at Montauban, to answer for the crime upon which they stand convicted by their own confession.

Farmer Betolieres, when put upon his trial, not unnaturally decided upon taking the “best legal advice.” Being a man of substance, he was able to retain the services of the celebrated barrister, M. Jules Favre, who engaged to plead his case before the judge and jury of Montauban. Accordingly, when the September assizes of the Department of Tarn-et-Garonne came to be opened, an immense crowd invaded every inch of available space, partly to see the “brave assassins,” partly, and more still, to see the celebrated Jules Favre. The trial lasted two days, and not only established all the preceding facts, but brought out particulars which made the crime appear more heinous. It was proved, from the testimony of medical witnesses, that the body of the murdered farmer was covered with wounds and contusions from head to foot, as if it had been mangled under the wheels of a heavy waggon. On the other hand, the cross-examination of Betolieres and his sons clearly showed that they harboured designs of murder a long time previous to the 2nd of June, and only waited for a favourable opportunity to carry them into execution. Under these circumstances, and seeing that the accused themselves did not deny having killed Vigie, their condemnation, one would have thought, could not have raised a moment’s doubt. The public prosecutor, unusually lenient in his charge of accusation, offered, moreover, all possible advantages to the tender feelings of the jury, by submitting to them no less than ten questions, in which a choice of verdict was offered from wilful murder down to involuntary homicide. However, the celebrated Paris barrister knew his jury better than did even the public prosecutor. M. Jules Favre did not want his clients to be punished even for involuntary homicide, involving, perhaps, a month’s imprisonment; but boldly set to work vindicating their crime by delivering a sensational speech. Farmer Betolieres and his two sons, he maintained, with great emphasis, were “champions de la famille,” sacred upholders of the highest, and truest, and noblest relations of life. This fact established, their condemnation, he argued, would invoke a condemnation of marriage itself, and riot and debauchery would then run loose in the land. Thus pleaded the eloquent barrister, winding up his peroration as follows:—“I hold here three hearts in my hand; I present them to you; but millions of hearts will be pierced and weep in bitter anguish if you punish these champions of family ties.” Poor jurymen of the department of Tarn-et-Garonne, how they must have wept when the great barrister delivered his speech. He had no sooner finished than the twelve men turned round like one man, and declared the accused “Not guilty” on all the points. The three innocents thereupon were liberated at once, leaving the court, it is to be supposed, without a stain upon their character, or upon their sabots.

Is it a tragedy, or is it a comedy, this trial at Montauban? The answer is difficult. But it may safely be said that nowhere else but in France would a jury of twelve men have acquitted three brutal clodhoppers who mangled a man to death under their heels—a man who, though possibly a seducer, had carried on his seduction under their eyes and with their knowledge for full fourteen years. There could not have been possibly any heat of outraged passion in this brutal assassination at Graule. An old man of fifty-three, visiting an old woman of fifty-two, not his wife, is certainly a very deplorable spectacle; but what is a thousand times more deplorable, is that a number of men solemnly dispensing justice should sanction the commission of wilful murder.

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